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AUGUST 15, 1969

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GENERAL DYNAMICS

TIME LISTINGS

TELEVISION

Thursday, August 14

NET PLAYHOUSE (NET, 8-9:30 p.m.).* "The National Theater of the Deaf, Encore" presents talented actors who perform entirely in sign language a Kabuki drama and Anton Chekhov's monologue "On the Harmfulness of Tobacco."

Friday, August 15

SUMMER FOCUS (ABC, 8-9 p.m.). Crime in the streets of Washington, D.C. Mafia activities in Buffalo and campus disturbances at Harvard are the focal point for this report on "The Violent Americans."

P.G.A. CHAMPIONSHIP (ABC, 10:30-11 p.m.). Last of golf's four major championships (others: the Masters, the U.S. Open, the British Open). Highlights of the first two rounds of play from the National Cash Register Country Club in Dayton. Coverage continues with the third round live Saturday from 5-6:30 p.m. and the final round Sunday from 5-7 p.m.

Sunday, August 17

SINGER PRESENTS ELVIS (NBC, 9-10 p.m.). Old idols never die. They just repeat their high-rated television specials.

Monday, August 18

NET JOURNAL (NET, 9-10 p.m.). A study of "The Battered Child" shows children recovering from parental abuse at the Colorado Medical Center. Repeat.

THE MERV GRIFFIN SHOW (CBS, 11:30 p.m.-1 a.m.). Host Merv Griffin, long popular in a syndicated talk show, goes network five nights a week, as CBS tries to buck the competition of NBC's Johnny Carson and ABC's Joey Bishop.

Tuesday, August 19

NET FESTIVAL (NET, 9-10 p.m.). The story of "The Targui Skull" tells of a fossilized skull that could be the missing link between prehistoric and modern man.

THE DICK CAVETT SHOW (ABC, 10-11 p.m.). The sequestered avante of the talk shows takes on Jimi Hendrix and The Jefferson Airplane.

CBS NEWS SPECIAL (CBS, 10-11 p.m.). Last week's show probing the generation gap between fathers and sons is followed here with an exploration of the chasm between "Mothers and Daughters."

STRAW HAT

Summer theaters around the country always see a scattering of new works—many of them destined for oblivion, but some perhaps heading for Broadway. Among this month's tryouts:

BUTTERFLIES ARE FREE, by Leonard Gershe, is a love story of a blind boy and the girl next door. Keir Dullea, Blythe Danner and Maureen O'Sullivan star. Falmouth, Mass., Aug. 18-23.

CHRISTABEL AND THE RUBICON is a whacky comedy by H. J. Moorman about a young girl beset by all the problems of young womanhood today—including the older man, the boy next door, and a bewildered father at the other end of the generation gap. Olney, Md., Aug. 26-Sept. 14.

ENCOUNTERS is a musical that explores the emotions and fantasies of Romeo and Juliet through song and dance. It was con-

ceived by Paul Zakrzewski, who also put the lyrics to Wally Harper's rock-to-romantic score. Aileen Passloff choreographs and directs. Berkshire Theater Festival, Aug. 13-30.

A PLACE FOR POLY, a new production of Lonnie Coleman's comedy formerly known as *She Didn't Say Yes*, concerns a girl who has to compete with her older sister for everything—even her own publisher husband. Starring Joan Hackett, Darryl Hickman and Betsy von Furstenberg, the play will open in New Fairfield, Conn., on Aug. 11; in Westport, Conn., Aug. 18; in Ivoryton, Conn., Aug. 25.

LOCK UP YOUR DAUGHTERS is an adaptation by Bernard Miles of Henry Fielding's *Rape Upon Rape*, a ribald comedy about a corrupt magistrate whose target is damsels in distress. As was the custom of the period, the rapes will not be performed onstage. Music is by Laurie Johnson. Lyrics by Lionel Bart, and Murray Matheson. Larry Kert and Travis Hudson star. East Haddam, Conn. Through Aug. 30.

SURPRISE! is a farce by Fred Carmichael, producer-director of the Caravan Theater at the Dorset, Vt., Playhouse, where his latest effort will appear Aug. 27-31.

THE CHIC LIFE is a comedy about a middle-aged couple whose daughter comes home with her baby because it has caused her baseball-player husband to fall into a bailing slump as well as a bad temper. The play was written by Arthur Marx, Groucho's son, and Robert Fisher, and features James Whitmore and Audra Lindley. Denver, Colo., Aug. 11-16; Mountainhome, Pa., Aug. 18-23; Dennis, Mass., Aug. 25-30.

THE SOUND OF MURDER echoes in the voices of a wife and her lover who plot the perfect solution to a husband who won't grant a divorce. The drama, by William Fairchild, stars Jeannie Carson, Hurd Hatfield and Bill McGuire. Dennis, Mass., Aug. 11-16; Skowhegan, Me., Aug. 18-23; Ivoryton, Conn., Aug. 25-30.

1491 is a musical by Meredith Willson (*The Music Man*) that discovers the pre-embarkation intrigues and romances of Christopher Columbus as he inveigles Queen Isabel to sponsor his voyage to the new world. Stars Richard Cullum, Chita Rivera, and Jean Fenn. Los Angeles, Dorothy Chandler Pavilion, Sept. 2-Oct. 28.

CINEMA

MARRY ME, MARRY ME, This wistful French comedy is the story of the trials of a courtship. Although Claude Berri (*The Two of Us*) wrote, directed and stars in the film, it is not a one-man show but a commanding display of ensemble acting.

2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY. In the context of the most recent space achievements, Stanley Kubrick's epic film deserves another look. Combining machinery and metaphysics in his tale of a voyage to Jupiter, Kubrick creates a stunning cosmic morality play to which the flight of Apollo 11 adds a tantalizing immediacy.

THE WILD BUNCH. Director Sam Peckinpah renders a vast canvas of the waning West in this drama of men who insist on living by their own outmoded moral code. The performances are faultless and the film is one of the year's best.

TRUE GIRT offers ample proof that John Wayne is alive and well at 62. In possibly his final role, the Duke plays a hard-drinking frontier marshal who hires on with a

teen-age girl (Kim Darby) to bring her father's murderer to justice. Wayne quite obviously has the time of his life, and movie audiences will find that the feeling is infectious.

EASY RIDER. Peter Fonda and Dennis Hopper ride their motorcycles cross-country looking for the true meaning of America. The film (directed by Hopper, produced by Fonda and co-authored by Terry Southern) is by turns sensitive and embarrassing—at its best when it shows with compassion the places and faces of mid-America.

LAUGHTER IN THE DARK. Nicol Williamson plays a heartless member of the English aristocracy yearning for the love of a brazen movie usherette (Anna Karina) in this skillful adaptation of Vladimir Nabokov's novel.

MIDNIGHT COWBOY. Dustin Hoffman and Newman Lou Voight are the real points of interest in John Schlesinger's somewhat slick rendering of James Leo Herlihy's novel of love and loneliness in New York.

THE DEVIL BY THE TAIL. Another slight and savage comedy by Philippe de Broca. *Devil* follows a slick Gallic seducer (Yves Montand) on his rounds. Montand could well become the new Humphrey Bogart if he weren't already so good as the old Yves Montand.

POPE! The plight of the poor is told with humor and bite in this surprisingly successful comedy. Alan Arkin is magnificent as a Puerto Rican widower with three jobs struggling to get his children out of a New York ghetto.

BOOKS

Best Reading

MYSTERIES OF EASTER ISLAND, by Francis Mazière. The brooding huge monoliths of Easter Island, 2,000 miles off the coast of Chile in the Pacific, have held an abiding fascination for generations of archaeologists. Mazière has new theories about the men who produced them and why, though the impact of his research is somewhat blunted by the fact that boulder-size chunks were lifted from previous work by an obscure Capuchin priest named Father Sebastian Englert.

ALLEN GINSBERG IN AMERICA, by Jane Kramer. Earnest, articulate and somehow despairingly sanguine, Allen Ginsberg has evolved from a minor poet to major cult figure—a kind of one-man air ferry between bohemian and Brahmin traditions. Wisely, perhaps, Author Kramer concentrates on the life rather than the works.

THE MAKING OF THE PRESIDENT 1968, by Theodore H. White. Whether following the poetic figure of Eugene McCarthy into the night or documenting Richard Nixon's electronic conquest of the nation, White is just as diligent as he was in his accounts of the two previous presidential races. However, his protagonist lacks the kind of flamboyance that fires up White's romantic mind, and as a result, a gray pall hangs over much of the book.

H. G. WELLS: HIS TURBULENT LIFE AND TIMES, by Lovat Dickson. Wells sold the masses on the future and the utopia that science would bring, but Dickson's biography shows that inside the complacent optimist a desperate pessimist was signaling wildly to get out.

ISAAC BABEL: YOU MUST KNOW EVERYTHING, edited by Nathalie Babel. This collection of newly translated short stories, abrupt prose exercises and journalistic sketches by the brilliant Russian-Jewish

* All times E.D.T.

writer purged by Stalin, demonstrates the individuality that was both Isaac Babel's genius and his death warrant.

THE FOUR-GATED CITY, by Doris Lessing. In the final novel in her *Children of Violence* series, the author takes her heroine, Martha Quest, from World War II to the present. Then the meticulous, disturbing book proceeds into the future to demonstrate the author's extraordinary conviction that global disaster is at hand.

SONS OF DARKNESS, SONS OF LIGHT, by John A. Williams. In this novel, set in 1973, a normally reasonable Negro civil rights leader hires a gunman to avenge the death of a black boy shot by a white policeman. The result evokes the tragedy of a sleepwalking society that can be awakened only by violence.

WHO TOOK THE GOLD AWAY, by John Leggett. Told with marvelous class and considerable spit and polish, this old-school novel recounts the tale of two Yale classmates who alternately befriend and betray each other well into middle age.

THE KINGDOM AND THE POWER, by Gay Talese. A former New York *Times* staffer takes his readers far behind the bylines for a gossip analysis of the workings and power struggles within the nation's most influential newspaper.

THE YEAR OF THE YOUNG REBELS, by Stephen Spender. Mingling on the barricades with American and European student radicals, the Old Left poet and veteran of Spanish Civil War politics reports humanely on New Left ideals and spirit.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. *The Love Machine*, Susann (1 last week)
2. *Portnoy's Complaint*, Roth (2)
3. *The Godfather*, Puzo (3)
4. *The Andromeda Strain*, Crichton (5)
5. *Ada*, Nahokov (4)
6. *The Pretenders*, Davis (6)
7. *The Goodbye Look*, Macdonald (8)
8. *Slughterhouse-Five*, Vonnegut (7)
9. *Except for Me and Thee*, West (10)
10. *New Moon Rising*, Price

NONFICTION

1. *The Kingdom and the Power*, Talese (2)
2. *The Peter Principle*, Peter and Hull (1)
3. *The Making of the President '68*, White (3)
4. *An Unfinished Woman*, Hellman (4)
5. *Between Parent and Teenager*, Ginnott (5)
6. *The 900 Days*, Salisbury (8)
7. *Ernest Hemingway*, Baker (6)
8. *Jennie*, Martin (7)
9. *A Long Row of Candles*, Sulzberger
10. *The Money Game*, 'Adam Smith'

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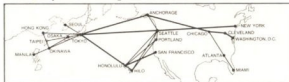
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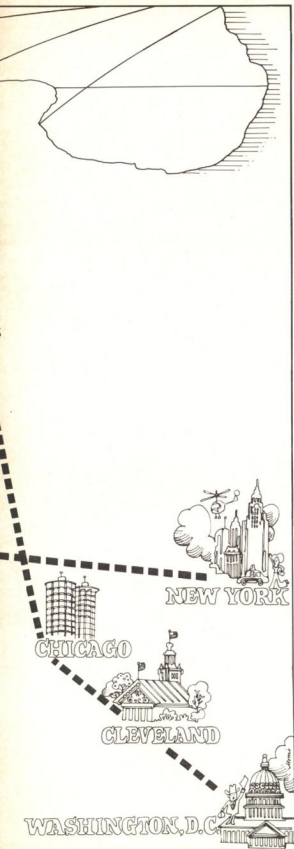


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LETTERS

The Kennedy Tragedy

Sir: The Edward Kennedy tragedy [Aug. 1] shows in a symbolic way much of what is wrong with the liberal political today. While looking all over the land for peoples to be saved—blacks, Puerto Ricans, the poor, Mexicans, Eskimos—Mr. Kennedy and his associates, when confronted with the opportunity of saving a single but real human life, failed miserably to take any action. They were paralyzed by "grief, fear, doubt, exhaustion, panic, confusion and shock."

RAFAEL CARAPELLA

San Francisco

Sir: Now that the Kennedy bubble has burst, has it been just a bubble? Was it a highly organized spectacular, glistening and eye-catching enough to serve as a short cut to high office but lacking in maturity and substance? The people of the U.S. would do well to place the fortunes of our country in the hands of those who have won their spurs each step of the way.

J. R. RINKER

Augusta, Ga.

Sir: At last someone ventured to express the unanswered questions crucial to the character of a possible presidential candidate. Perhaps the electorate of Massachusetts can disregard the negligence and irresponsibility of Kennedy's contestable behavior but, with your unrestrained query, can the nation?

MR. MICHAEL SELLS

Madison, Wis.

Sir: The disclosure regarding McNamara plus the usual touch-up boys—Sorensen and brother-in-law Smith—should help eradicate the illusions most housefares entertain about the Kennedy myths . . . and their spontaneous eloquence.

MR. J. BIRLING

Philadelphia

Sir: That no comprehensive investigation into the circumstances of Mary Jo Kopechne's death has been made is alarming. That Kennedy is permitted to avoid investigation via a guilty plea to a relatively minor offense and then to generate sympathy with unverified emotional answers to his own selected questions is a discredit to this nation's legal and political systems.

G. PATRICK MARTIN

Indianapolis, Ind.

Sir: Senator Kennedy has related what happened—he admitted that his conduct after the accident was indefensible. He pleaded guilty in court. He went to the people he represents and asked their help in deciding whether or not to resign. His constituents have advised him that they wish him to continue as their Senator. The matter should be closed. The only unanswered questions are those that are either by their nature unanswerable or by their implication unworthy of consideration.

WILLIAM J. COWAN

West Lynn, Mass.

Sir: I ask you to consider what would happen to a private citizen who, heading "out to the dunes" after a party with a girl in his car, drove off the road and killed the girl—then crept quietly away from the scene without saying anything to anyone, leaving car and corpse to be discovered the next day without his assistance. The laws covering a situation

like this are stringent—nay, merciless. Such a private citizen would pay a very stiff price indeed for his irresponsible behavior. Yet it seems that Edward Kennedy intends to pay no price at all.

That girl might be alive today if he had acted with the decision, courage and integrity that a leader is supposed to have, instead of with the opposite on every count. The Senate, officially unshocked by a shocking occurrence, has just knocked one more prop out of the taxpayer's already shaky trust in his government.

GORDON N. WALKER

Morristown, N.J.

Sir: As a descendant of a family which settled in Leominster, Mass., in 1781, with ancestors who battled in our devastating Civil War, I am interested in the sanctity and safety of this our nation as a major power.

It is essential that our leaders be equipped with the quality of stability, a trait the Senator has clearly demonstrated he does not possess. Following the tragic event on Martha's Vineyard, Senator Kennedy demonstrated his inability to act with clarity of mind in the face of personal crisis. The legal advice at his elbow was not worthy of that respected profession. It worries me that this young man would be no better advised when the safety of my fellow Americans is involved. The grief that has plagued the Kennedy family is sorely regretted, but in the interests of our national security, Senator Kennedy would be doing a noble service to retire from our governmental councils.

HOWARD L. CHASE

Lebanon, N.H.

Sir: I, for one, have not lost my confidence and faith in Ted Kennedy. His leadership of such groups as the young, the black and the oppressed has earned my full endorsement far beyond that of any other major political figure. His opposition to the Viet Nam war and the ABM system, his concern about the Nigerian-Biafran struggle and the Arab-Israeli conflict, his remarkable record in the Senate and his service as Majority Whip have not been obliterated from my mind.

I endorse Ted's staying on in the Senate. As for his quest for the presidency, I believe that he could bring not only dedication and wisdom but a forward look, youth, vitality and the solution to the many problems that beset this country and the rest of the world. Ted is the best choice for peace and victory in 1972.

NANCY M. SCHIMPF

Sterling Heights, Mich.

Sir: I would hope that had it been his wife or children in that car, he would not have decided to go to sleep before reporting the accident.

KATHERINE TARDIO

Mendham, N.J.

Sir: You stated that Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield noted that after all, even a politician is human. What an asinine statement; Senator Mansfield should be ashamed of himself. Ted Kennedy's conduct was inhuman.

GENE MACK

Quincy, Mass.

Sir: "When he came to himself again, he said, if he had done or said anything amiss, he desired their worship to think it was his infirmity. Three or four wenches, where I stood, cried 'Alas, good soul!' and forgave him with all their hearts; but there's no need to be taken of them; if Caesar had stabbed their mothers, they would have done no less." Casca in Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar*.

E. A. GREGORY

Aiken, S.C.

Sir: Ted Kennedy asked for a public judgment of his actions. Editorials have been written, letters have been sent and polls have been taken. How does TIME's mail count stand? How many letters have you received on the subject and what's the verdict?

PEGGY MENÉNDEZ

Coral Gables, Fla.

► By week's end, the Kennedy mail totaled 1,258 letters. Only two events since TIME's founding have brought a greater initial reaction: the assassination of John F. Kennedy and last summer's Democratic Convention. Of the 1,172 readers who voiced an opinion on Ted Kennedy, 823 generally criticized the Senator and 349 expressed forgiveness and/or confidence.

Space on Earth

Sir: Congratulations on the initiation of your Environment section [Aug. 1]. In our rush to conquer space we must not lose sight of the need to conserve some space here on earth where we can enjoy nature and clean air and water. As our population grows and urban America expands, we must not allow the last oasis of nature and wilderness to be plowed under and cemented over.

Our vast natural resources, which we once took for granted, are in danger of vanishing beyond the point of no return. Protection of those resources should be the vital concern of all Americans. If we are not careful, our earth landscape could be

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HUGH SCOTT
U.S. Senator

Washington, D.C.

Sir: What is happening to Lake Erie constitutes a warning to mankind. The world's twelfth largest lake, Erie serves 11.5 million people in the U.S. and Canada in terms of water supply, recreation, commercial fishing and shipping. In addition, the annual value added by manufacturing in the Erie Basin stands at more than \$17 billion. By the year 2000, the population served by the lake will have doubled, and so will the industry of the basin. With so many people and industries dependent upon it, Lake Erie must be passed on to future generations in a condition of unlimited usefulness.

CARL L. KLEIN

U.S. Department of the Interior
Washington, D.C.

Sir: The despoliation of the American earth and the abuse of the life-giving resources of the planet is a historic scandal that must be checked. I can think of no subject that will need more incisive, hard-hitting reporting in the years ahead; so naturally it delights me to see TIME turning its energies and communications skills to this important battleground.

TIME's concern over the environment's deterioration gives us fresh hope that this fight can be won. Indeed, it must be, for man's own survival is very much at stake.

STEWART L. UDALL

Overview
Washington, D.C.

Sir: Abuse of the environment is too much of a heritage to be restricted easily. "If-we-can-go-to-the-moon"-type arguments about technological solutions are empty until restrictions are willingly and personally accepted by every striking garbage worker or driver of a smoking auto. In other words, don't hold your breath until we can breathe again.

PETER S. DWAN
Executive President

Urban Systems Inc.
Los Angeles

Sir: Your new section may well become the most important in your magazine. As man makes his giant leap forward into space, he should have firmer footing than a garbage dump.

ROBERT J. HOLDEN

National Park Service
Fort Davis, Texas

Sir: We think that Americans are far more ready to act for environmental quality than public action to date indicates. A survey of state bond elections that we conducted recently indicates that most Americans not only want to clean up but are willing to pay the price. In the last five years, 17.6 million citizens of nine states have voted on state bonding for water-pollution control. A majority in each state and a total of 11.7 million—two out of three—said, in effect, "Yes, tax me more for clean water."

SYDNEY HOWE
President

The Conservation Foundation
Washington, D.C.

Triumph on the Moon

Sir: I'm half American Indian. I belong to a Black Baptist church. I have no love for the people of "middle America." I

spent most of my life in a Los Angeles slum and my last four years of high school in white, middle-class America. If I had a choice between the two for my children, it would not be the latter. However, I confess to being excited about the moon landing. I would have felt the same had it been Russia or Red China. It's the first time in my life I've seen the possibility of a reprieve for mankind.

We are all selfish these days and so in love with ourselves and our causes—myself included. It seems to me that we've needed something bigger than all of us for some time now to put mankind in the right perspective. I would not say, "If we can put men on the moon, why can't we build adequate housing or feed all our citizens?" I would ask, "Why can't the trip to the moon and exploration of space inspire us to see social injustices, our cruel war, and our long and foolish fight with nature?"

I guess what I've been trying to say is that the accomplishment of the goals I believe in is more important to me than labels. If we give the moon to "middle America," it would be the equivalent of giving Christ to the Christians.

(MRS.) JERI TIPTON

Boise, Idaho

Sir: I cannot recall a more successful program undertaken by the Government than our space program, which exceeded its goal sooner than planned and for less than originally estimated. Its usefulness cannot be overestimated. As stated in "Spin-Offs from Space" [Aug. 1], the applicability of space-age technology in every field of human endeavor "is as wide-ranging as the human imagination." But because of its very conspicuousness, it has been attacked by all those so concerned with pressing problems here on earth, while they ignore the egregious crimes of Viet Nam and our military, which dwarf the space program both in money and lives that have been squandered. These pious critics are akin to a policeman who arrests a jawwalker while ignoring a bank robbery.

EDWARD MCKITTRICK

Akron

Sir: The full impact of the event will not be felt for some time to come, perhaps years. Much as the Wright brothers' first flight and Lindbergh's epic changed forever the environment of man on earth, so will the moon landing change forever man's dependence upon his own earth for survival. The cosmos is his. Its vastness, which holds all the answers to life and death, is but now space to be transited in this effort.

WALTER F. MCCORMICK

Mount Holly, N.J.

Sir: Thoughts while jogging: a future Apollo shot lands on the moon to recover machinery from Surveyor and Apollo 11, and it's gone.

NORMAN SEYFERT

Minneapolis

Sir: By landing on the moon, Neil Armstrong and Buzz Aldrin have fulfilled the dream of millions. But why do some Americans play it down by calling it a universal feat? It is the finest tribute to the most dynamic people in the world and their system.

VINOD K. BANSAL, M.D.

Winnipeg, Manitoba

Address Letters to the Editor to TIME & LIFE Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

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AT the White House last week to re-
port on this week's cover story,
Correspondent Simmons Fentress
was struck by an unusual degree of
camaraderie between newsmen and
the normally businesslike presidential
aides. "The reporters," says Fentress,
"were all talking about their internal
time clocks being out of phase, and
the sources were discussing their
stomach troubles." No wonder. Ev-
eryone had just returned from twelve
days of traveling 24,500 miles and
traversing 24 time zones during Pres-
ident Nixon's whirlwind tour of Asia
plus Rumania.

Nor, from TIME's standpoint, was
there much rest for the weary. Fen-
tress had hardly touched down in
Washington when he was plunging
into new interviews about the many
issues confronting the President in
the summer of 1969. His file pro-
vided the bulk of the research for
the story written by Keith Johnson
and edited by Laurence Barrett. And
as the magazine went to press, where
was Fentress? In a hot once more,
flying west to San Clemente and the
West Coast White House, where the
President will spend the next month.
All of which led Washington Bu-
reau Chief Hugh Sides to wonder
if perhaps "the White House Press
Room really shouldn't be a surplus
Boeing 707 fuselage, where reporters
can stay all day, writing stories, pinch-
ing stewardesses and drinking Bloody
Marys." That, at least, is what they re-
cently seem to think of as home.

The Cover. Cartoon by Patrick
Bruce Oliphant, whose work has of-
ten appeared in TIME but never be-
fore as a cover. In the tracing above,
the first figure from the left (1) is De-
fense Secretary Melvin Laird clutch-
ing his hard-won ABM, while a gener-
al (2) expresses the Pentagon's plea-
sure. The cigarette-puffing baker (3)
is Congress, serving up half a loaf
of surtax. Above and to the right
stands a G.I. (4) in the process of

dropping his equipment into the arms
of South Viet Nam's President Thieu
(5). Below, Rumania's President
Ceausescu (6) listens apprehensively
while Soviet Party Boss Brezhnev
(7) tells him to cool it. The street
sign and elephant symbolize the Re-
publican Party, with Senator Strom
Thurmond (8) and a liberal (9) re-
presenting its two wings. Finally, a
poor man (10) gets his first look at
the new welfare package to see what
it contains. Overall, surfbord in
hand, stands a smiling President. Says



Oliphant: "I'd be smiling too, if I
were going to San Clemente."

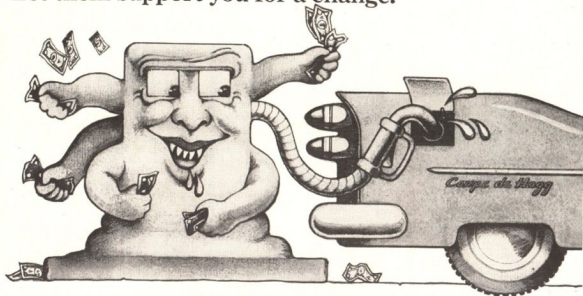
An Australian who left the *Ad-
elaide Advertiser* for the Denver Post
in 1964, Oliphant, 34, won a 1967
Pulitzer Prize for the excellence of
his cartoons. One he likes best is a
prophetic drawing done in 1958,
which shows a crew of Russian cos-
monauts marching out of a spaceship
that has just landed on the moon.
There to greet them stands a moon
man—already brainwashed and thor-
oughly Americanized, as anyone can
tell by his loud clothing, empty Coke
bottle and breezy "Hi!"

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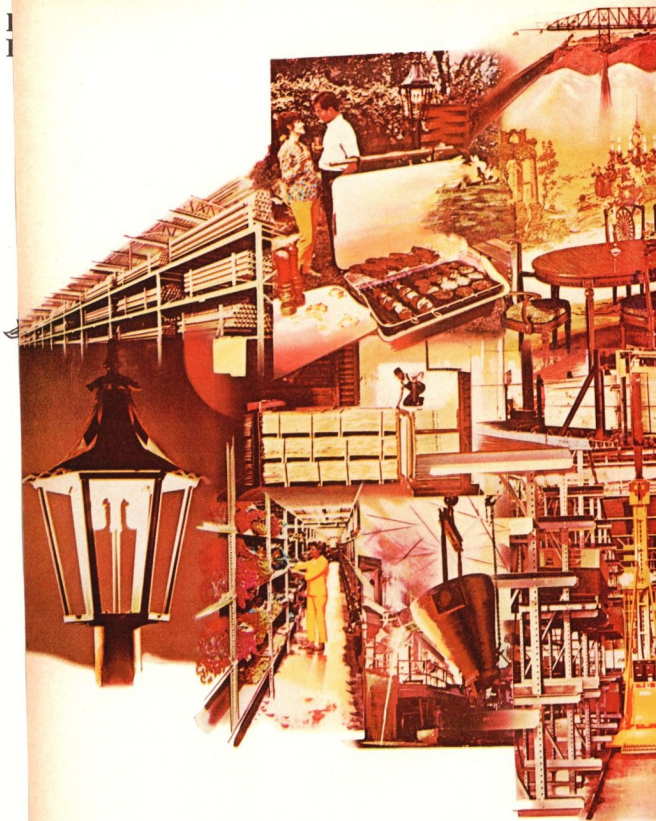
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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

August 15, 1969 Vol. 94, No. 7

THE NATION

MOVING AHEAD, NIXON STYLE

IT has long since become a cliché to talk of the caution and deliberation of Richard Nixon's presidency, which sometimes makes the White House seem like Miltown Mansion. But last week, for a change, the people's business was humming at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue and on Capitol Hill at a tempo brisker than any heard since Lyndon Johnson's happiest days—and the tune was pretty much the President's. Nixon returned to the capital early in the week from his round-the-world tour with stops in Asia and Rumania; six days later, he flew to California for a month's vacation on the Pacific oceanfront, with a state dinner for the Apollo 11 astronauts in Los Angeles scheduled for this week. It was what came between jet journeys that counted.

While Nixon's relations with Congress have sometimes been clumsy, he won his toughest congressional battle to date when the Senate narrowly went along with his request for funds to start deployment of the Safeguard antiballistic-missile system. Though he had originally planned to defer tax reform for a while, he was happy to claim some of the credit for the historic tax bill passed by the House last week.

No Danger of Wipe-Out

Then he set out to make a little history of his own. Nixon has never been famous for social innovation, but he proposed fundamental reforms in the nation's welfare system. If enacted and if successful, the changes—measures liberal Democrats have often talked about—could become the major domestic accomplishment of his Administration. In a persuasive TV presentation, he spoke of a "New Federalism" in which "power, funds and responsibility will flow from Washington to the states and to the people." And he put forward a plan for federal-state revenue-sharing that could eventually make the slogan mean something.

It is Viet Nam, of course, that remains the most urgent problem. Nixon is expected to announce soon another reduction in U.S. combat troops in South Viet Nam. The inside betting now is that by January the President will have withdrawn a total of 125,000 servicemen—nearly a quarter of the U.S. forces there. And it is Nixon, for all his public defense of the military, who is initiating a constriction not only of Amer-

ican might in Viet Nam, but also of the U.S. armed forces generally. The latest move came last week with the Pentagon's announcement that the 9th Infantry Division would be deactivated.

Unusual as the pace in Washington was, the week's events were consistent with the Nixon presidency. Like a practiced surfer, he was balanced carefully

By his relative placidity, Nixon seems to have helped to calm the national temper. He may also be the beneficiary of simple popular fatigue following the tumult and continual crises of 1968.

For the President, the victory for his ABM program was doubtless the week's most satisfying development. He had much to lose by a defeat. Nixon right-

PICTORIAL PARADE



NIXON WAVING TO CROWD ON ARRIVAL AT ANDREWS AIR FORCE BASE

Rarely what he seems to be.

in the curl, in control of his board and in no apparent danger of a wipe-out. He chanced on a good wave, and he was also riding it reasonably well. If stranded astronauts were starving on the moon instead of preparing to dine at the presidential table, the national mood—and Nixon's—would be markedly different. If the Democrats had the unity to capitalize on their congressional majorities, or a single leader to follow, the President would be feeling his minority mandate far more keenly. The public's frame of mind may be mercurial and dour, but summer has quenched the campuses without igniting the ghettos—so far. Inflation continues to be a serious threat and the stock market a shambles, but prosperity prevails for most citizens. Apollo 11 and the Asian trip made good box office. A new Gallup poll shows public approval of Nixon's performance popping back to 65% after slumping to 58% in July.

ly considers himself something of an expert in foreign policy, and by extension in matters of national defense; those occupy a good two-thirds of his time. Thus far in his presidency, his National Security Council has met 26 times, his Urban Affairs Council only 15. A rebuff on the ABM issue would have been a repudiation of his judgment of U.S. security requirements. By winning, Nixon has the flexibility to go ahead with ABM or to scrap it if future events warrant. He has promised periodic reviews of the project. Of course, Congress too will have future opportunities to attack the program.

The crucial Senate vote on ABM came after months of debate in Washington and around the country, which divided politicians, scientists and laymen alike. The Safeguard plan calls for 14 missile sites in the continental U.S., Alaska and Hawaii, aimed chiefly at protecting the U.S. nuclear deterrent

Toward a Working Welfare System

WHAT America needs now," the President told the nation last week, "is not more welfare, but more 'workfare.'" On the wings of that Nixonian neologism, the President proposed the first fundamental overhaul of the U.S. welfare system since it was created 34 years ago. The key element to the reform was a "family-assistance system." Although Nixon pointedly denied it, the notion is very much like a guaranteed income—with one crucial difference. For the able-bodied, willingness to accept "suitable" employment or vocational training would be the quid for the quo of assistance. In essence, Nixon notified the nation that his Administration is prepared to help those of the nation's 9.7 million relief recipients who try to help themselves.

With congressional approval, Nixon's cure for welfare woes could go into effect in 1971. Under its provisions, federal assistance for the aged, the blind and the disabled would continue unchanged, except that benefits would be increased. A uniform floor of \$65 per month for all such recipients would be established, with the Treasury chipping in 25% of the cost in excess of \$65.

side of \$1,600. (The \$720 constitutes what the government considers the cost of working, such as transportation, clothes and lunches, for a year.) For a family of four, the descending scale of federal subsidy—apart from any state payment—would work this way:

Earnings	Benefit	Total
720	1,600	2,320
1,000	1,460	2,460
2,000	960	2,960
3,000	460	3,460
3,920	0	3,920

At the core of the concept is the desire to get as many welfare recipients as possible working. Only mothers of preschool children and those physically or mentally incapable of holding a job would be exempted. When an able-bodied, but unemployed father applies for federal assistance under the Nixon plan, he would also have to register with a local employment service. If "suitable" work or job training is available, the applicant would have to accept. If he refused, his portion of the federal grant (\$500) would be eliminated. The remaining federal funds would be made available to the mother and children through a trustee or a local welfare agency. To make vocational education both

new proposal and current practice is that the Nixon program would recognize the nation's working poor. In many states, the present AFDC laws bar aid to families with able-bodied fathers in the home. For many of these men, who are either unemployed or have low-paying jobs, there is only one choice. They desert their families. Nixon's program would provide for such families without encouraging the father to leave. It would authorize relief for 12,400,000 needy Americans who now get none.

Under the present hodgepodge of individual state regulations, benefits fluctuate wildly. In Mississippi, a family headed by an unemployed woman receives \$39 per month. In New Jersey, the same family gets \$263. Largely as a result of these discrepancies, many impoverished people migrate from low-paying states—especially in the South—to areas with better benefits.

Also of potential benefit to the states and cities is the Nixon plan for revenue sharing. Although the sum which would initially be dispersed—\$500 million—is minute compared to the needs, the machinery is the thing. Unquestionably, the amount would grow in the future. Under Nixon's proposal, in January 1971, the Federal Government would start sending tax money back to the states, with a mandatory amount "passed through" to the cities and localities. Few strings would be attached, and present grants for particular purposes would presumably be continued. Nixon also wants to turn many of the manpower-training responsibilities back to the states. Both these plans mesh with the welfare proposal, and Nixon recommended that they be considered as a group. A fourth part of the plan would take all operating authority away from the Office of Economic Opportunity. O.E.O. could then concentrate on developing new programs to be run by other agencies.

As Nixon himself admitted, no system represents a panacea. Undoubtedly, there will be difficulty in defining what constitutes a "suitable" job for potential applicants. Incentive to work may be dampened if unemployed men are forced to travel great distances to work, even if their transportation is paid. Coordination among levels of government is always a complicated process and, logical as the plan may sound to middle-class taxpayers and legislators, it is the response of the poor themselves that will be crucial to its success.

The ultimate aim is to reverse the steady growth of relief rolls. In the end, this would save money as well as redeem wasted lives. But to get started, the extra welfare cost to Washington would be \$2.5 billion. For its \$4.7 billion-a-year investment under the present system, however, the Federal Government has little to show.



THE HUNGRY LINEUP FOR FREE POTATOES IN CLEVELAND, 1938

The largest and most controversial segment of the present welfare system—aid to families with dependent children (AFDC)—would be eliminated.

The proposed substitute introduces a standard federal welfare minimum for the first time and would raise basic benefits in the 20 states now paying less than that figure: \$1,600 a year for a family of four, with an extra \$300 for each additional member. The basic allowance would be reduced as private income increases, but the family would be allowed to keep more of its earnings than at present. When the family of four reaches an income of \$3,920, all federal assistance would end. Benefits paid by local or state authorities, however, could be added to the total.

This family would be allowed \$720 in earned income without suffering any reduction in the maximum federal sub-

sidy available and more attractive, the Nixon plan calls for the creation of 150,000 new federal job-training slots (raising the total to more than 1,000,000) and the payment of \$30-per-month stipends for those who enroll.

To encourage mothers of dependent children to work, the Nixon welfare package would develop 450,000 additional openings in new or expanded day-care centers. These facilities provide nursery care for the children as well as job opportunities for some of the mothers. The centers would also offer educational programs. To make the entire system more attractive to the states and cities, Washington would contribute more than it now does for AFDC costs. For instance, if the new approach were in effect this year, California would be getting an extra \$179,500,000. Alaska would receive \$1,000,000 more.

The crucial difference between the



MARGARET CHASE SMITH
Crossroads of priorities.

—ICBM silos, Strategic Air Command bomber bases and the National Military Command Center in Washington. Beyond the immediate technical issues, ABM came to symbolize to many a national crossroads in the crucial issue of civilian v. military priorities. It also underscored the new skepticism toward Pentagon proposals which in the past rarely received thorough scrutiny.

Leadership of the Senate skeptics fell to Democrat Philip Hart of Michigan and Republican John Sherman Cooper of Kentucky, a respected bipartisan duo. They offered an amendment that would permit ABM research to continue but forbid deployment of any rocket or radar hardware. As last week's vote approached, each side was hopeful of victory by no more than a couple of votes.

Enter Senator Margaret Chase Smith, 71, an ABM opponent, senior Republican on the Armed Services Committee, a retired Air Force Reserve lieutenant colonel, wearing her customary red rose. Without a hint of what she was up to, the lady from Maine put in an amendment of her own to ban research as well as deployment for Safeguard. That was handily defeated, 11-89, to no one's surprise. Then the Cooper-Hart forces, fearing that they were about to lose a vote they desperately needed, sweet-talked Mrs. Smith into putting in a new amendment: this one would also halt both research and deployment on Safeguard but allow research on other types of ABM systems. Since Mrs. Smith was clearly not going to vote any money whatsoever for Safeguard—not even the research-only funds included in the Cooper-Hart amendment—the opposition's only hope was to get all the anti-ABM forces together behind Mrs. Smith's new amendment. They did just that, but it was not enough. Even with Mrs. Smith, they had only 50 votes, one shy of the ma-

jority needed to carry an amendment. Although the amendment was already defeated, Vice President Spiro Agnew added his vote to make the result 50-51. Far easier passage of Safeguard is expected in the House.

Richard Nixon won an important, if narrow, victory. Unlike his Democratic predecessor, however, he had left Congress free to work its will. Nixon's manner in dealing with Congress is almost diffident, a throwback to the more passive presidency of the Eisenhower years, a direct contrast with the hot-breath methods of Lyndon Johnson. Nixon quietly lobbied dozens of Senators for Safeguard, but he never made it a party issue with Republicans. A month ago, Nixon met with five anti-ABM Republican Senators, but mentioned the issue only in passing. He understood their position, he said, and they were free to vote as conscience dictated.

Some in Congress believe that Nixon is making a deliberate effort to dissociate himself from the wheeler-dealer image of L.B.J. If so, the President could not have made the point more dramatically than he did during the final hours of Senate debate last week. On the Senate floor, a page slipped up to Delaware's John Williams, one of the very few Senators who had not announced a position on Safeguard. "Senator," the page stage-whispered, "the President is on the telephone." The ABM opponents concluded that Nixon was applying last-minute pressure to win a wavering vote. Not a bit of it. ABM was never mentioned in the phone conversation, though Williams eventually voted with the Administration. Williams is the ranking Republican on the Senate Finance Committee, and the President merely wanted to talk over with him the tax-reform proposals that the House of Representatives was about to take up.

The Tax Bill

That tax-reform bill was something Nixon had not reckoned on—at least not yet. It was a classic case of a Congress of one party forcing on a President of the other party something he did not particularly want, though it was far from the rancorous kind of battle that Democrat Harry Truman fought almost weekly with the Republican 80th Congress. The habitual formula—the President proposes, Congress disposes—was turned around.

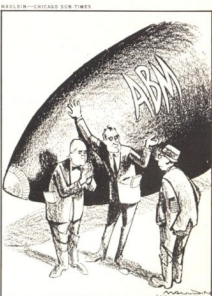
The President wanted an extension of the 10% income tax surcharge as an anti-inflationary measure. He was notably less keen on tax reform at this time. Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield warned the President that he could not have the surtax without reform—and managed to impose this view on Finance Chairman Russell Long, a Louisiana Democrat to whom the 27% oil-depletion allowance is most precious (the reform-bill cuts the allowance to 20%). As Senate Democrats were squabbling, however, Long's House counterpart, Ways and Means Chairman Wilbur Mills, who cherishes the House's

constitutional prerogative to originate revenue measures, felt the public pulse and went ahead with what turned into the bill passed by the House last week (see story, page 19). After his initial hesitation, Nixon talked with Mills and Wisconsin's John Byrnes, the top Ways and Means Republican, and tossed into consideration some reform ideas of his own as well as others suggested by the Treasury Department. They became part of the bill. Says one Ways and Means member: "He found out that we were going to have some tax reform, and he wanted to be part of it."

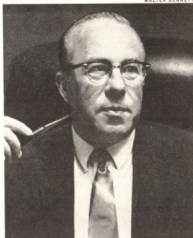
Two Dozen Welfare Drafts

Nixon's domestic package was hampered out not between Congress and the White House but within the Administration itself. Sharing federal revenues with the states and cities is a Republican idea of long standing. But guaranteeing a minimum annual income for welfare recipients decidedly is not—even with the provision that they must accept any available work or vocational-training opportunity. There was a good deal of tugging and hauling over the welfare proposals, mainly pitting two relatively liberal Nixon men, HEW Secretary Robert Finch and Urbanologist Daniel Patrick Moynihan, against budget-conscious Economist Arthur Burns and other Cabinet-level conservatives.

The result, which Nixon labeled "a new family-assistance system" (see box opposite), is an intriguing mixture of features aimed to please different constituencies. Liberals support the idea of a minimum federal standard for welfare payments, and while some find the level of payments proposed by Nixon inadequate, they are happy to have the principle of federal standards established. New York Mayor John Lindsay



"MY DEAR SIR, YOU CAN'T AFFORD NOT TO OWN IT"



Intriguing mixture aimed at pleasing different constituencies.

called the Nixon proposal Washington's "most important step forward in this field in a generation." To appease conservatives, Republican Nixon spoke of "investment," of "start-up costs" to get the engine of social rehabilitation going, of work as "part of the American character." He was almost apologetic about the need to spend more federal funds initially. Failure to act, he said, would be more expensive in the long run in both human and economic terms. He underscored the decentralizing features of his plan. His welfare and revenue-sharing proposals, Nixon said, "represent the first major reversal of the trend toward ever more centralization of government in Washington." Initial congressional reaction was mainly favorable, but there is little chance of action on the Nixon program before next year. Again, Wilbur Mills poses a problem. He opposes revenue-sharing.

The plan was by no means an instant success around the White House when Finch and Moynihan first proposed it more than six months ago, but it finally won Nixon's firm allegiance. After more than two dozen drafts, the program came out not far from its original form: the Finch-Moynihan plan would have assured a welfare family of four \$1,500 a year; the final Administration proposal gives them \$1,600.

One important contributor was Labor Secretary George Shultz, a quiet-spoken Cabinet comer who increasingly has the President's ear on a range of issues well outside his department's jurisdiction. It was Shultz who pushed hardest for a welfare scheme with "work incentives" that would allow families on relief to take jobs without forfeiting all federal aid. Shultz's streamlining of his cumbersome Manpower Administration (he likened its organizational chart to "a wiring diagram for a perpetual-motion machine") led Nixon to ask for restructuring of all federal job-training programs. For this Administration, the welfare proposals alone are a surprising and impressive departure. But it is a special case. "The present wel-

fare system," Nixon declared last week, "has to be judged a colossal failure."

Because of the President's commitment to the expensive ABM system, and the limits on other federal spending, that his concern about inflation dictates, there is little money for social needs that the President himself acknowledges. The result is a deliberate tendency to talk about new programs but postpone their funding: the welfare changes would add \$2.5 billion to what the Federal Government already spends, but the new costs would not begin before July 1, 1970. When Nixon produced a mini-legislative program in mid-April, he included a plan for increasing Social Security benefits by 7% to counter the effects of inflation; no more has been heard of that, and Budget Director Robert Mayo is now scrambling desperately to find \$3.5 billion to cover such "uncontrollable" as Social Security spending increases already mandated by law.

Bottom of the Barrel

Political pressure recently forced the Administration to change its mind and offer a \$1 billion hunger program it had shelved as too costly. Similarly, Congress just added \$1 billion to the school-aid bill. "We're just literally right down to the bottom of the barrel," says Presidential Counsel John Ehrlichman. "It's very disheartening to see these opportunities and not have the money to do the job. That billion Congress just hit us for on education—that's a billion we don't have."

Nixon wants desperately to show a substantial surplus in the present fiscal year in order to stop inflation; his budget is designed to come out \$6.3 billion in the black, twice the unexpectedly large surplus of \$3.1 billion for the fiscal year just ended. Given Nixon's overriding concern for ending inflation, and the plain fact that military spending continues to be high, he can scarcely be expected to bombard the Congress with regular requests for enactment of costly social programs.

The rapid-fire week made a sharp contrast with the leisurely previous pace of Nixon's Administration, which has often brought accusations that his is a do-little presidency. Nixon himself has cautioned: "We will propose only legislation that we know we can execute once it becomes law." Generally, Nixon is reluctant to plunge ahead with ambitious and experimental social ventures; like Eisenhower, he means to consolidate and reorganize rather than innovate.

Nixon has sent to Congress a spate of law-and-order bills, which cost little compared to a massive social program. He was quick with legislative proposals on organized crime, narcotics, obscenity, and law enforcement in the District of Columbia. Yet another repeated 1968 campaign promise—to encourage black capitalism with tax incentives—has run afoul of a variety of problems (see BUSINESS). With that plan stalled on dead center, Nixon has little to point to that his Administration has done specifically for the black community. Moynihan's deputy, Stephen Hess, pleads: "We are not defining problems by constituency and bloc. These groups have grown accustomed to being catered to. Our major programs are fairly evenhanded—welfare, manpower training."

Still, it is six months since Nixon's second press conference, when he asked Negroes to judge him on his record as President. In that time, Nixon's most visible moves in the race-relations field have been a rearrangement of school-integration enforcement methods and an attempt to rewrite the 1965 voting-rights law. Both of those steps were widely taken to be gestures to the Southern whites, led by South Carolina Senator Strom Thurmond, who supported Nixon in 1964. At the same time, the Administration has initiated strong desegregation proceedings in such disparate places as Chicago, Georgia, and Waterbury, Conn. As he does in other fields, Nixon on civil rights often seems to run on alternating current as the conservative and progressive forces around him feed in conflicting impulses.

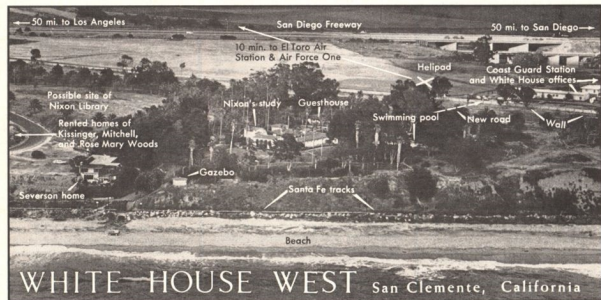
As for the future, Nixon is obviously banking on having more money to spend on domestic problems once the Viet Nam war is ended and the nagging problem of inflation has been overcome. In the meantime, he has initiated a number of proposals that make a gesture in the direction of urgent national needs—for example, a plan announced last week to spend \$10 billion over a dozen years on improvements to urban rapid-transit systems. Two themes are likely to recur in the Nixon Administration's social legislation; both are contained in the welfare message, and both are favorite concepts of Pat Moynihan. One is that much adolescent and adult delinquency can be avoided only by enriching the early years of a child's life. The other, exemplified by both welfare decentralization and the revenue-sharing plan, is the idea that the Federal Government is a first-rate revenue-collecting agency, but a fifth-rate dispenser of public services.

In sum, the Nixon Administration is rarely what it seems to be. It is never

as conservative as it appears when Arthur Burns or Attorney General John Mitchell is acting as spokesman, nor as progressive as when Finch is talking. Despite Nixon's dearth of personal ideology, he manages to stick to certain basic principles, but with his own twist. He wants to reduce the Federal Government's participation in the people's business, but his welfare proposal seeks to establish for the first time a nationwide minimum payment decreed by Washington. He inveighs against neo-isolationists but wants to reduce foreign involvements. So it is on matters of style. Nixon and his men are supposed to be smooth, efficient operators, with keen political sense and a horror of small errors. Once during the campaign, an airport rally went badly. "No more airport receptions," Nixon told an aide. During a White House state dinner recently, Nixon spilled soup on his sleeve. "No more soup at these things," he decreed. Of course there were later airport rallies, and soup will doubtless reappear at banquets.

Nixon promised an "open Administration," and indeed, information has flowed more freely than during the Johnson years. But is it a two-way tide? Even some of the President's aides are troubled that he sees so few people in the course of his daily routine. Nixon, long noted for political acumen, may be getting out of touch; he seemed so, for example, when he failed to consult Congress about removing postal appointments from politics. TIME White House Correspondent Simmons Fentress observes: "Nixon likes to work alone in the little study next to the Oval Office. He likes to pack himself off to the privacy of the Executive Office Building hideaway. He sits alone at night in the Lincoln sitting room and goes over his papers while his stereo blares Kostelanetz or the score from *Victory at Sea*. He is much too cocooned. His contacts are too narrow."

While Lyndon Johnson was rarely alone, only the most senior Nixon aides have easy access. Most of the White House staff meets him rarely, if ever,



WHITE HOUSE WEST San Clemente, California

FOLLOWING the most hectic fortnight of his presidency, Richard Nixon paused last week to recharge. Accompanied by Mrs. Nixon, he flew cross-country to spend a month at the new summer White House—a ten-room Spanish-style villa on a 75-foot cliff overlooking the Pacific at San Clemente, Calif.

Cotton Point is ideal for the privacy-loving Nixons. Shielded from the road by a stand of eucalyptus trees, the five-acre estate offers both solitude and convenience. A newly built private road links it to the adjacent San Mateo Point Coast Guard station, where communications facilities and private buildings have been set up to accommodate the staff members who will accompany him to summer quarters. The station's hall field has been converted into a helicopter pad. Only a ten-minute chopper flight separates Nixon from El Toro Marine Corps Air Station, where Air Force One is to be kept.

The house itself has undergone considerable renovation since the Nixons bought it in July for \$340,000. The somber interior has been brightened and refurnished with pro-

vincial pieces by Mrs. Nixon. The tennis court has been replaced by a 22-by-44-ft. swimming pool. Security has been guaranteed by 1,500 ft. of new fencing and several observation posts constructed in the same tile-roofed style as the villa's main buildings. Spotlights have been installed on the bluff to illuminate the ocean at night. Even the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railway Co., whose line runs along the base of the cliff, has cooperated to assure the President's relaxation. It has ordered its engineers to slow down and refrain from sounding their whistles when passing Cotton Point.

These precautions may not, however, prevent the President's vacation from being interrupted. A number of antiwar groups plan to open a "fall offensive" for peace with land and sea demonstrations at the summer White House next week. And Nixon may well be witness to one of the least violent protests ever planned when a group of "Women Against War Toys" marches to the beach below his cliff-top castle to construct an edifice of their own: a sand castle for peace.

and non-government visitors are few. Attorney General Mitchell and Defense Secretary Laird see him more frequently than other Cabinet members; Transportation Chairman John Volpe, reports have it, spent nearly ten weeks trying for an appointment with the President. Nixon's own choice for Republican National Chairman, Representative Rogers Morton, has yet to see him privately. The "palace guard" of aides carefully screens requests for audiences, and often grants them only on condition that certain matters not be discussed. White House staffers assemble a detailed "scenario" covering each appointment; from it, Nixon learns what his visitor will talk about, what the issues are, and what Administration policy has been on the matter in question.

All Presidents, of course, are more or less isolated; none has been free to mingle with the average citizen in a bull session at the corner tavern. As it happens, Nixon's growing insulation from ordinary political realities has embarrassed him so far only in relatively unimportant ways—chiefly in minor domestic matters, and not at all in foreign affairs.

World View

Lyndon Johnson's talent for pressing the flesh, for example, did nothing on his few transatlantic forays to stop the deterioration of U.S.-European relations that resulted from his blunt disregard of America's allies. By contrast, Nixon's recognition of common Atlantic interests has made relations between the U.S. and Europe better than they have been for years. The moon landing left Europeans spellbound, and Charles de Gaulle is no longer France; but some of the credit for improvement in the U.S.-European ambience this year is due to Nixon's February tour of NATO capitals and the sound advice of the President's White House foreign-policy adviser, Dr. Henry Kissinger.

The President's Asian tour seemed to be a limited success: the Nixon message, that the U.S. will keep a lower silhouette in that part of the world once the Viet Nam war is over, was received with understanding, though Nixon kept U.S. intentions inexact. So far, the Nixon Administration has done no more than make exploratory stabs at the problems of the Middle East and Latin America. But in the broad range of foreign affairs, a liberal Republican Senator argues that there are no longer any really dominant personalities on the world scene. This, he says, might increase international good will. "Nixon has a real chance, a great chance," he argues. "There is a balance of mediocrity in the world now. The world could move forward because that is so." One area in which Nixon has moved is in U.S. relations with the Soviet Union. With luck, and if the Pentagon's generals can find agreement with the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency's negotiators, there is some pros-

Professor Humphrey Grades His Rival

THE man whom Richard Nixon defeated is a professor these days, and he tends to grade the world around him. Last week TIME asked Hubert Humphrey to appraise Nixon's performance as President. He gave Nixon a B in international affairs, but in domestic matters, Humphrey said the President is "in real danger of winding up with a failing grade." Other Humphrey observations:

► On Viet Nam: Do I approve of what he's done in Viet Nam? Of course I do. It's what I advocated during the campaign—troop reductions at a sensible rate. We are on the right course.

► Arms and the ABM: I don't think Mr. Nixon's policies on arms talks are in solid form yet. I'm opposed to the deployment of ABMs. It could pollute the atmosphere as far as arms negotiations are concerned. But the most important issue is MIRV, because it's offensive, not defensive, weaponry. ABM is chasing rabbits when the tiger—MIRV—is on the loose.

► Foreign Policy: I think on balance he's done well. He has proceeded cautiously and constructively. Certainly nothing very daring. He has shown prudence and a moderate tone. He has committed no major blunders.

► Domestic Affairs: There is nothing new, nothing startling in Nixon's welfare program. The ideas are largely progressive, but it will be essential for all of us to see what follow-through there is. In the anti-inflation fight, the Administration hasn't come up with the necessary weapons. The Nixon policy of letting the market forces work their own will is tepid, tired, timid and ineffective. It's going to be a tough time this fall and next year in labor contract negotiations. And not a single move has been made which has been particularly helpful to the cities.

► Civil Rights: I am reasonably satisfied with the Nixon performance on civil rights. Civil rights has a built-in momentum of its own.

When it came to discussing Nixon's chances for re-election in 1972, however, Humphrey put aside his professorial mien and became the partisan politician. "If the war is over," he said, "if some foreign policy solutions have been found, if inflation is rolled back, Nixon might be very difficult to beat." Humphrey made it clear that he expects no such miracle: "Nixon is coasting. He is in trouble. He is taking aspirin for relief when he should be taking something stronger for a cure. A President needs long-range vision, not a daily balance sheet." Hubert Humphrey's vision is clearly long-range enough to extend to the possibility of a rematch in 1972.

pect of serious strategic-arms-limitation talks between the U.S. and the Soviets very soon.

"I am no Whig," John Kennedy once said disdainfully. What he meant was that unlike his predecessor, Dwight Eisenhower, and the 19th century Whigs William Henry Harrison and Millard Fillmore, he intended to be an activist President. Richard Nixon is something of a Whig, by choice as well as by circumstance. In his Inaugural, he celebrated "small, splendid efforts" of individual men. There are conflicting pulls on him, within his own party and in the country that gave him less than a majority last November and still reflects deep division in such splits as the Senate ABM vote.

Even if the President were more of an activist in domestic affairs, he would have great difficulty in making his will law. He must be very selective, picking his battles with care. He feels that he has limited political capital to spend, but he is cheerful about his future. At a surprise party in the Rose Garden last week, marking the anniversary of his nomination, Nixon reflected: "We won a close election. We did not win the House or the Senate. But since then, we haven't lost any. We have won the close ones, and we are going to continue to win the close ones, and we are going to win them even bigger in the years ahead."

Theory of the Presidency

Whiggery has its virtues. Passage of the tax bill is a good indication that a hyperactive President is not always necessary to useful legislative progress. Ultimately, the question is whether a Whig's approach can deal with the great internal problems of the U.S. today. Federal authority expanded from the New Deal onward largely because a vacuum existed at lower levels of government and in the private sector. Crises existed that only Washington seemed willing to attack. Today the problems may be different, but they are no less urgent. One test of Nixon's philosophy will come when state and city governments show whether they can get by with more money but less control and expert guidance from Washington.

The Ripon Society, a group of articulate, liberal Republicans, praised Nixon's welfare plan but warned last week that if the G.O.P. turns aside from the problems of the day, the party will disappear just as the Whigs did. "Men of good will may disagree about the means to solve the urban and black crises," said the Society. "They do not ignore them. The party that does not deal with these problems has no future, whatever the ethnic background of its constituents, and it will go the way of the Whigs, who floundered on the great issue of their era—slavery, which led to the Civil War. Richard Nixon has been faithful to his theory of the presidency, but it remains to be seen whether that theory is sufficient to the day."

TAXES: THE R AND R BILL

FOR more than a decade, tax reform has been the subject of more talk than action on Capitol Hill. Last week this tradition was reversed when the House took a long-overdue step toward granting the country's front-line taxpayers some R & R from the financial wars. By a lopsided vote of 394 to 30, the House approved a bill that would ultimately give citizens \$9.2 billion worth of relief, by lowering certain tax payments, and the Treasury \$6.9 billion worth of reform, by plugging various loopholes.

The 368-page bill is the first comprehensive revision of the U.S. tax code since the income tax was adopted in 1913. Despite its sweeping nature, how-

LOU GRANT—LOS ANGELES TIMES



"PENNIES FROM HEAVEN"

ever, there was little disagreement over its passage. Blaming a "misunderstanding," Ways and Means Committee Chairman Wilbur Mills defused potential liberal opposition to the bill by providing tax breaks for lower- and middle-income taxpayers left out of the measure as reported by his committee. Inclusion of those in the \$7,000 to \$12,000 categories will cost the Treasury \$2.4 billion. Only three-quarters of the time allocated for floor debate was used. Constituent mail has been running so strongly in favor of the measure that few Congressmen were willing to face next year's elections without a safe position on the issue.

Striking Hard. The bill is a sound one. In addition to repealing the 7% investment-tax credit as recommended by President Nixon, it strikes at what most taxpayers regard, perhaps justifiably, as the very citadel of special tax privilege — the 274% oil-depletion allowance. By cutting the allowance to 20% and reducing the depletion advantage for other extractive industries, the bill would enrich the Treasury by \$400 million annually. Although oilmen plan to fight

the cuts in the Senate, their wound could be worse. The bill leaves untouched the industry's far more valuable advantage of writing off oil-drilling costs as current expenses, rather than as long-term capital investments. The bill does, however, strike hard at the real estate industry. While leaving untouched the depreciation allowed on new residential buildings, it eliminates the accelerated depreciation provision for commercial property.

Also hit would be private foundations, some of which have led in creative efforts to improve the quality of life in America. In an attempt to crack down on organizations established to avoid taxes, the bill imposes a 7.5% levy on the investment income of all foundations. The measure could put a serious crimp in the activities of some of the country's most respected philanthropic operations, which now donate substantial portions of their income to private universities, museums and charities.

Moving Expenses. The bill also takes pains to plug some of the loopholes used by people in the \$100,000-plus income brackets to minimize or avoid taxation. Henceforth, individuals in all but the lowest income categories would pay taxes on at least half of their income. They could no longer rely totally on such current shelters as the untaxed portion of capital gains, real estate depreciation, and interest from tax-free public bonds. Further, the bill doubles the period for which assets must be held to qualify for capital gains preferences and eliminates such tax shields as the appreciation on assets donated to charity and the losses from hobby farming. This "minimum tax" plan would bring in \$100 million a year in revenues.

The beneficiaries of the bill's relief provisions are the country's 72.8 million individual taxpayers, who now provide slightly more than half of the Federal Government's annual tax revenue. The bill removes 5.8 million low-income families from the tax rolls entirely and provides rate reductions by 1972 of at least 5% for those in all but the highest income categories. As a result, a family of four that now pays \$70 in taxes on an income of \$3,500 would pay nothing. The same family at the \$7,500 level would pay \$576 rather than \$687, while the bill for a family earning \$15,000 would drop from \$2,062 to \$1,846. Similar relief would also be provided for widows, widowers and unmarried people over 35, who, the Ways and Means Committee feels, bear "unduly heavy tax burdens."

People who relocate to accept new jobs would be allowed to deduct up to \$2,500 in moving and living expenses. A further tax break would be provided by a hike in the 10% standard deduction claimed by many taxpayers. The

figure would rise by stages to a new maximum of 15% by 1972. That change would benefit taxpayers by \$1.4 billion a year when fully effective. The public will share an additional \$9 billion in reduction when the income tax surcharge, which the Administration and the House want extended through June 1970, finally expires.

Because the bill's reform measures would take effect more quickly than those providing relief, the thinking goes, its impact on the economy for the time being would be non-inflationary. In 1970, when fiscal restraint will still be required, the Treasury would take in an extra \$4.1 billion, while giving up only \$1.7 billion. By the time the bill's reform provisions become fully effective,

WALTER DEWEY



CHAIRMAN MILLS

At pains to plug the loopholes.

the economy's natural growth is expected to have broadened the tax base sufficiently to offset the revenue lost by reduced rates.

Whether taxpayers would get to keep this windfall for long is doubtful. Hard-pressed state and local governments have been searching for new revenue sources. If their past performance is any clue, they can be expected to take advantage of any relaxation of the federal tax grip to impose new taxes of their own.

Favorable Reaction. The bill now goes to the Senate, where the Finance Committee will begin holding hearings on it next month. Although personally opposed to some of the measure's reform features, such as the depletion-allowance cuts, Committee Chairman Russell Long has promised to report a bill to the Senate floor no later than Oct. 31. The Senate's reaction is certain to be favorable—and the President is expected to sign any reasonable bill that reaches his desk.

THE KENNEDYS: INQUEST OF SUSPICIONS

THE authorities investigating the death of Mary Jo Kopechne have caused nearly as much uncertainty as Edward Kennedy's own partial explanations of the accident that killed her. At first, there was almost total reluctance in Martha's Vineyard, Mass., to press the inquiry. Kennedy's plea of guilty to a charge of leaving the scene of an accident seemed to end the legalities. Now, at least one more chapter in the tortured proceeding is assured.

Exactly 21 days after Kennedy's car plunged off the narrow Dike Bridge on Chappaquiddick Island, District Attorney Edmund Dinis and District Court Judge James Boyle met last week to resolve procedural confusion over whether or not to hold a belated inquest. The conference ended with Boyle's announcement that an inquest would be convened in Edgartown, Martha's Vineyard, on Sept. 3. At the same time, Dinis continued his efforts to have Mary Jo's body exhumed so that an autopsy could be conducted.

Official Curiosity. Dinis' role in the investigation has been at best inconsistent. A flamboyantly aggressive lawyer and ambitious Democratic politician, Dinis has had cool relations with the Kennedys. They have declined to help him in his campaigns for higher office. Yet initially he remained aloof from the case, even declining to order an autopsy when the body was still in his legal jurisdiction. He made no move for an inquest or thorough investigation while witnesses were still in easy reach. Official curiosity overcame Dinis only

after the press demanded more information and a national mood of skepticism about the whole affair put both Kennedy and the authorities on the defensive. Even now, it is questionable how thorough the inquest will be. At week's end, Dinis said he had "no intention at this time" of calling Kennedy to testify—although Kennedy obviously knows more about what happened than anyone else. Edgartown Police Chief Dominick Arena was making arrangements anyhow to provide police protection in case Kennedy is called. When reminded of Dinis' statement that Kennedy would not be summoned, Arena remarked: "That's what he said today. But if you know that



JUDGE BOYLE

Procedural confusion.

guy [Dinis], you know why we have to arrange for every possibility."

Even with Kennedy's testimony, it is doubtful how much clarity an inquest could now bring to the case. The ten other surviving members of the Chappaquiddick party could be subpoenaed. It would be extremely difficult, however, for the court to compel those out of state to appear. Kennedy's friends Paul Markham and Joseph Gargan, both lawyers, might attempt to avoid the witness chair on the ground that they had acted as Kennedy's counsel.

An inquest might determine at what time Kennedy and Mary Jo left the Chappaquiddick party and how much they had had to drink. But it is problematic whether such a hearing could legally consider some of the larger lacunae in Kennedy's account. Why did Gargan and Markham not report the accident and why did they permit Kennedy, clothed and presumably dazed, to plunge into the channel to swim from Chappaquiddick to Martha's Vineyard? Was Kennedy trying to establish an



DISTRICT ATTORNEY DINIS
Mood of skepticism.

alibi when he appeared fully and dryly clothed before a hotelman in Edgartown and pointedly asked the time? (It was 2:25 a.m.)

Without Jury. In Massachusetts the inquest is a seldom-used procedure, normally held in private before a district judge who calls witnesses one by one to testify under oath. Reporters, however, will be admitted this time. Such a hearing is "not accusatory," and if no evidence of criminality is found, no further proceeding need follow. But if a judge does find fault, such as negligence, his report is passed on to a grand jury and could then lead to a criminal process. The inquest itself has no jury and no provision for cross-examination of witnesses.

Some lawyers argue that an inquest could not be held without an autopsy on Mary Jo Kopechne's body, since presumably the medical cause of death must be established before legal cause of death is considered. Yet last week, Mary Jo's parents, while agreeing that an inquest might be helpful, bitterly opposed an autopsy. Said Mrs. Joseph Kopechne: "No one is going to disturb my baby." Since Mary Jo is now buried near her home town of Plymouth, Pa., Dinis will have to persuade the Luzerne County District Court to request the Luzerne County, Pa., court to order exhumation and an autopsy. By Pennsylvania law, autopsies can be performed, even against the wishes of "near relatives," if there is suspicion of a serious crime.

Elaborate Conjecture. What could an autopsy prove now, weeks after death? It could disclose whether or not Mary Jo was pregnant, though probably not whether she had had sexual intercourse in the hours before she died. Judging from her character, however, those matters are unlikely to be a con-



JOAN KENNEDY AT TANGLEWOOD
Not accusatory.

sideration. An autopsy could determine more firmly whether she died by drowning or some other cause. It could not establish whether she had remained alive for a time, breathing in an air pocket, after the Kennedy car sank to the bottom of the salt-water pond.

Speculation, meanwhile, has not died down. An inquest of suspicions has been in session since the accident. In a grotesque way, the situation is reminiscent of the aftermath of Dallas: around certain known but maddeningly opaque facts, imaginations elaborated conjectures possibly far worse than the truth. In an attempt at normality, Ted was back in the Senate and his wife Joan appeared at the Tanglewood Music Festival to narrate "Peter and the Wolf."

Columnists Drew Pearson and Jack Anderson became the first to publish a widely circulated notion that Kennedy, immediately after the accident, had Joe Gargan, his cousin, agree to "admit to driving the car." The columnists said that Ted Kennedy, Markham and Gargan returned to the Dike Bridge "to make certain that Gargan would be totally familiar with the circumstances surrounding 'his' unfortunate accident." But "in the cold light of dawn," say Pearson and Anderson, the Senator "decided to face the consequences himself." Whatever its implausibilities, the story would explain why Kennedy might have wished to establish an alibi by showing himself at the motel at 2:25. Both Gargan and Kennedy immediately said that the story is false. Another rumor had it that Gargan was indeed driving the car, but everyone who has known the Kennedys agreed that it would be more likely for Joey to take the rap for Ted than the other way around.

Gossip. In another version now in the gossip stage, a federal agent secretly assigned to guard Kennedy saw Mary Jo wearily leave the cottage party about 11 p.m. and curl up to sleep in the back seat of Kennedy's 1967 black Oldsmobile. Some time later, according to this theory, Kennedy and another girl at the party, Rosemary Keough, got into the car without noticing Mary Jo asleep in back and drove off toward the Dike Bridge. Rosemary and Kennedy escaped safely from the submerged car, unaware that Mary Jo was drowning. This theory would account for Rosemary Keough's handbag being found in the car. It is unlikely, however, that Mary Jo would not have awakened during the 1.2-mile drive from the cottage to the bridge, part of it over dirt road. It is also unclear how and when Rosemary and Kennedy would have become aware that Mary Jo had indeed been in the back of the car. Could they have returned on foot to the cottage and been told that someone at the party had earlier noticed Mary Jo sleeping in the back seat? The story was not so much a measure of truth as an index of how elaborate the speculation had become in the absence of an adequate explanation from Kennedy.

THE PLIGHT OF THE PRISONERS

WAN, weak and slightly bewildered, three Americans came out of North Viet Nam last week. For a total of 86 months among them, they had served in North Vietnamese prison camps; their release brought to nine the number of U.S. prisoners released by Hanoi since early 1968. The men were turned over to a four-member American peace group that had come to Hanoi to escort them home (see box). Obviously, propaganda was a major element in North Viet Nam's gesture. But whatever Hanoi's motives and however callously it toyed with the hopes

were besieged by questions. What had it been like? Had they been mistreated or brainwashed? But the prisoners said little more than that their treatment had been "adequate"—obviously out of fear that any statement might spoil the chances of release for their comrades still in North Viet Nam.

Question of Selection. Throughout his long flight home on a commercial jet, Frishman, who became the group's spokesman, wrestled with what to say to the public. To TIME Reporter Peter Babcox, who joined the flight in Zurich, Frishman recalled his first encounter

with the press in Laos with a grimace: "I expected everyone to want to know how I felt or whether I was looking forward to going home, but all they wanted to know was how I had been mistreated." Clearly, he and the others were bursting to talk of their ordeal and their impressions—but they would not.

Frishman, the most talkative of the three, did not discuss the justice or injustice of the war in which he had fought. His anguish and confusion abated somewhat when, during a stop at Frankfurt, the men changed into uniform. "I went to Viet Nam a military man and I am coming out a military man," explained Frishman. "The one thing I would definitely say for the record is that I am a Navy man and proud of it. But I am small potatoes at the mouth of the dragon."

Why were these three men picked to be released? Frishman suggested an obvious factor: their injuries. His arm was beyond repair (North Vietnamese surgeons removed his elbow but managed to save his arm). Rumble suffered a debilitating back injury when he was shot down. As for Seaman Hegdahl, said Frishman, he was "Mr. Innocence himself."

Fear of Brainwashing. Despite the understandable reticence of the three men, their release called attention to the plight of U.S. prisoners in the North and gave some indications about their conditions of captivity. Of the more than 1,300 men listed as missing in action in the Viet Nam war, the U.S. Government estimates that as many as 500 to 600 are held as prisoners in the North; most of them are downed pilots and air crewmen.

The North Vietnamese have not released the names of the men they held, have refused to free sick and wounded prisoners, and have rejected proposals for impartial inspection of prison camps



FRISHMAN (RIGHT) & FELLOW FLYER AS P.O.W.s
Potatoes in the dragon's mouth.

harbored by the families of remaining prisoners, the release itself was a welcome occasion.

One of the freed prisoners was Lieut. Robert Francis Frishman, a 29-year-old Navy pilot, who had been shot down over Hanoi on Oct. 24, 1967, and had barely managed to eject from his stricken F-4C Phantom fighter-bomber because of a serious injury to his right arm. A second pilot, Air Force Captain Wesley L. Rumble, 26, had gone down over Quang Binh province on April 28, 1966. The third man, Seaman Douglas B. Hegdahl, 23, had been rescued and captured by North Vietnamese fishermen in the Gulf of Tonkin on April 5, 1967, after he had fallen overboard from the cruiser U.S.S. *Canberra* while it was shelling the coast.

From the moment they landed in the Laotian capital of Vientiane, the first stop on their way home, the men

by the Red Cross or other neutral agencies. Little mail and few packages are allowed to be sent, although, under the Geneva convention, war prisoners are allowed two letters and four postcards per month. During the past five years, only about 600 letters have filtered out from the prisoners; the peace delegation last week brought with them another 42 messages. Packages from relatives are allowed only sporadically, apparently for fear that electronic devices, such as

locators, might be hidden in them. Hanoi justifies its tough position by maintaining that the prisoners are "war criminals" who are not entitled to the protection of the Geneva convention, of which it is a signatory.

At one point in 1966, the North Vietnamese threatened to try U.S. pilots for "war crimes" and paraded them through the streets of the capital. Some pilots were forced to write outlandish "confessions" in improbably stilted Eng-

lish. Then in 1967, the North Vietnamese produced Lieut. Commander Richard A. Stratton at a filmed news conference. His behavior—he walked around as if in a trance and repeatedly bowed to his captors—raised the issue of whether he had been either brainwashed or drugged. Frishman confided to Reporter Babcox that on arrival in Vientiane he had looked into a mirror and had asked himself: "Was I brainwashed? Would I think I was brain-

How the Prisoners Were Released

THE first contact leading toward last week's prisoner release came on July 1, two days before the North Vietnamese announced the move as a gesture in honor of American Independence Day. Xuan Oanh, of the Viet Nam Committee for Solidarity with the American People, cabled U.S. Pacifist David Dellinger, urging him to come to Paris to discuss matters of a similar character to Stewart Meacham's trip to Hanoi. The obliquely worded message referred to last year's release of prisoners to a delegation headed by Meacham, peace education secretary of the American Friends Service Committee. Dellinger, 53, a patriarch of the American peace movement, obtained a plane ticket from a "movement" travel agent and flew to Paris. He talked for three days with Xuan Oanh, North Vietnamese Negotiator Colonel Ha Van Lau and N.L.F. Foreign Minister Madame Nguyen Thi Binh.

A particularly sensitive point with Hanoi's representatives was whether the released prisoners would remain with escorts of the peace delegation all the way back to the U.S. In the first of two previous releases, the prisoners had been met in Laos by State Department representatives, who induced them to board military aircraft for the rest of the trip home, thus cutting them loose from their pacifist escorts. The North Vietnamese felt that this had reduced the propaganda effect of their gesture and were anxious to avoid a recurrence.

As a result, Dellinger called upon Henry Cabot Lodge, U.S. Ambassador to the Paris peace talks. Lodge gave him assurances that the peace delegation would be allowed to escort the released prisoners all the way from Hanoi to the U.S.

Returning to Manhattan, Dellinger hoped to recruit a delegation that would span the spectrum of the peace movement. After days of negotiations, he settled upon Grace Paley, 46, a New York writer and worker in the Resistance, an antiwar organization; James A. Johnson Jr., a Negro who was one of the "Fort Hood Three"—three Army privates who in 1966 refused to serve in Viet Nam, and Linda

Evans, 22, a regional organizer for the Students for a Democratic Society. The leader of the group was Renard C. Davis, the National Coordinator of the National Mobilization Committee to End the War in Viet Nam. A founding member of the S.D.S., Davis has been a longtime, vir-



RENNARD C. DAVIS

ulent critic of the Viet Nam war and one of the most enterprising organizers of the radical movement. Dellinger and Davis are under indictment on charges of conspiracy to incite a riot during last August's Democratic Convention. With less than five hours left before his plane's departure, Davis managed to obtain a Federal Court of Appeals ruling permitting him to leave the country. Three days later, the peace delegation, along with three cameramen from an underground movie-making group, The Newsreel, landed in Hanoi.

The North Vietnamese were not yet prepared to go through with the release. Though normally wary about permitting foreigners to roam about the country, they allowed the peace group to do some traveling while waiting. The American travelers were certainly not impartial observers—Hanoi

has few more outspoken friends in the U.S. than Davis, for example—but they did make a fairly extensive tour of North Viet Nam. Davis reported that almost everywhere the standard of living seemed improved since he had last visited North Viet Nam in October 1967. Then, the state-run department store in Hanoi had been open only during the morning; now it was open all day and sold such previously scarce items as clocks and musical instruments.

The group took a six-day Jeep trip down the North Vietnamese countryside to the DMZ. They saw a great deal of devastation from the bombings, even though most bridges and roads have been repaired since the total bombing halt. "On our trip south," Davis said, "we estimated that nearly 100% of the cement and brick structures had been demolished. In the areas closest to the DMZ, we estimated that some 80% of the thatched and straw houses had been demolished. Along the road there was a bomb crater at least every three feet. We met person after person south of the 19th parallel who said they had lived underground for three years." The delegation visited one machine-tool factory inside a series of caves.

Davis described the actual release of the three prisoners: "We went to a building in Hanoi, where the major in charge of the camps told us the prisoners' names, how they were shot down and a bit about each man. Then the three of them came out and we shook hands. They said they couldn't believe their release; they'd been told that they were to go to the hospital—that was July Fourth. Later that day they were told they were to be released."

The day of the prisoners' departure, the North Vietnamese held a lavish farewell party, with an ample supply of *lua moi*, a rice liquor. The prisoners resolved to try to get drunk, but discovered that after months of imprisonment their constitutions did not take alcohol well. Later that day, Aug. 5, an ancient Boeing prop-driven airplane of the International Control Commission carried them to Vientiane and freedom.

washed if I had been brainwashed?"

The prisoners are apparently kept in small facilities in and around Hanoi. The best-known is the "Hanoi Hilton," a former officers' billet that now houses an estimated 30 to 40 Americans. Some of the men are held in solitary confinement; isolation seems to be a fairly common feature of North Vietnamese internments and life, by the few accounts available, is dull and tedious. When Frishman was interviewed by Italian Journalist Oriana Fallaci not long ago, he burst out, "For a year and a half I haven't spoken to anybody." Navy Captain James Bond Stockdale, the highest ranking U.S. prisoner, wrote his wife in April 1966 that he was completely alone and had seen no other Americans. Although she received nine letters and postcards from him, her mail—letters and packages—apparently never reached him. Other prisoners, however, seem to have been taken out on tours of museums—and to see areas hit by U.S. planes during the bombing offensive against the North.

The men who have been seen by outsiders are pale, as if they were never allowed out in the sun. There is not much work or exercise. When Captain Rumble was asked how the prisoners fought boredom, he replied: "We were allowed to sweep the grounds." Then he added hesitantly: "We ate two meals . . . we smoked cigarettes . . . we were allowed to listen to the Voice of Viet Nam"—English-language broadcasts from Hanoi.

Basic Staples. Judging by the fact that the nine men who have been released have been seriously underweight, the diet leaves something to be desired, certainly by American standards. According to Frishman, who lost 45 lbs. in 19 months of captivity, basic staples include French-style bread, squash and pork fat. "Actually, this may not sound like it is very good, but they have their own way of preparing it, and I think it's good-tasting," he said. But later, whenever the TWA hostess offered a choice of food on the flight back to the U.S., Frishman said, "I don't care—as long as it's not pork fat and pumpkin." Lieut. Colonel James Robinson Risner (TIME Cover, April 23, 1965), who was shot down over Thanh Hoa later that year, was one of four U.S. pilots interviewed by the peace group. He told them that there was enough to eat and that the food was always "fresh from the stove." He said, probably facetiously, that he would try to get the recipes for some of the dishes before his release. In all conversations with prisoners of war, it obviously must be remembered that P.O.W.s cannot speak freely at all times.

Air Force Major Roger Dean Ingvalson talked to the peace group of sports and the moon landing but declined to discuss the war. "It's all very complicated," he said. Air Force Captain Anthony Andrews inquired about the Dow-Jones industrial averages and asked the dele-

gation to relay instructions to his wife that it was time to trade in the family car. Navy Lieut. Edward F. Miller said little except to ask about the moon landing and other current events.

Enduring Hope. Medical attention for the prisoners seems to be adequate. Frishman's arm was so badly damaged that he feared he would lose it. "It would have been much easier just to amputate the arm," he said. "But they operated and saved it." Risner told the peace group that even at the height of the bombing around Hanoi in 1967, his captors treated him for kidney stones and put him on a special diet. He reported that medics regularly check the prisoners. Once illnesses are reported to guards, the prisoner receives prompt attention. According to Risner, each prisoner has two sets of clothes, a blanket, soap and toothbrush.

The U.S. has repeatedly accused the North Vietnamese of treating U.S. pris-

DEMOCRATS

Educating Ed Muskie

Candor is as much a part of Edmund Muskie as his easy grin and his sincere visage. Last June—amazingly early by the coy calendar of most politicians—the Democratic Senator from Maine told an interviewer that "the idea of running for President is in a remote corner of my mind." Then Muskie casually listed two drawbacks: his own lack of familiarity and identification with some national issues and the fact that, as matters then stood, Senator Edward Kennedy could get the Democratic nomination in 1972 "for the asking."

The drowning of Mary Jo Kopechne caused Kennedy to renounce presidential ambitions, for the time being at least. Last week Muskie, 55, announced that he was tackling the other problem by forming two new groups of advisers. One will be a Washington-based circle



MUSKIE IN WASHINGTON OFFICE
Just an inch at a time.

oners in brutal and inhumane ways. The accusations have seemed well-founded, especially in view of Hanoi's refusal to divulge the names of the men it holds and to allow a free flow of mail. But the testimony of the returning peace delegation seemed slightly hopeful. There was, of course, the possibility that the delegates were shown only carefully selected scenes by the North Vietnamese and were thus unwittingly taken in. It is also possible that their own sympathies colored their reports. Still, their testimony on the whole seemed credible, suggesting that the Americans in North Vietnamese prison camps are not treated with deliberate cruelty, compared with the Korean War or the horrors endured by the captive *Pueblo* crew. Thus there is hope that the Americans in North Vietnamese prison camps will endure their bitter lot until a negotiated settlement of the war finally brings them home.

of generalists with whom Muskie will meet, perhaps as often as once a week, to help stimulate his thinking and to keep him up to date on a variety of national concerns. The second group will include lawyers, economists and an assortment of professors around the country who will do research and writing chores for him. The purpose, says Ed Muskie, is "to educate Ed Muskie."

The Ultimate Experience. His aim in publicizing this braintrust operation, it appeared, was to show his colors with his customary frankness. He was not announcing his candidacy—or not exactly. Muskie did allow that the presidency is "the kind of challenge that I'd feel to be the ultimate experience in political life." Would he shrink from it? "Certainly not." But he is also philosophical about his chances for the nomination: "I don't have quite the head of steam about running for President that I had six months ago. If I didn't get the nom-

ination, it wouldn't leave me with my life shattered."

Muskie still refuses to count Kennedy out in '72: "The Kennedys have a remarkable resiliency and they have a remarkable hold on the country." Kennedy's troubles may have speeded up Muskie's schedule a bit, but he had been inching in the direction of 1972 since the finale of last year's campaign. As Hubert Humphrey's running mate, he emerged from that fractious year with a deserved reputation for aplomb, conviction and the ability to win voters' trust. There was no doubt that Muskie had strengthened the Democratic slate.

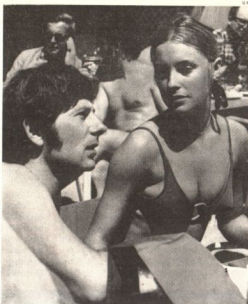
Spokesman. Soon after the election he embarked on a speaking tour of 91 appearances in 35 states. Next to Ted Kennedy, he was the most sought-after Democrat on the banquet trail. Apart from collecting \$60,000 in honorariums, Muskie also expanded his acquaintance with local political, business and labor leaders. But these travels took him out of the main action in Washington. That will now change. Muskie intends to reduce his frenetic national speaking schedule and concentrate more fully on Senate business. Though his speeches will be fewer, he will try to make them deeper. Muskie will also seek to address a national audience and to reinforce the popular impression of him as a party spokesman and leader who must be considered in all 1972 plans.

CRIME

"Nothing But Bodies"

"You'd better get over here right away," the caller told Los Angeles police. "There's a man lying on the front lawn and blood all over the place. It looks like a bad one." It was even worse than the caller thought. When police reached the hilltop home rented by Film Director Roman Polanski (*Knife in the Water*, *Rosemary's Baby*) in the fashionable suburb of Bel Air, they found not one body but five. It was a scene as grisly as anything depicted in Polanski's film explorations of the dark and melancholy corners of the human character.

Telephone and electric lines leading to the red, barnlike house had been severed. The word "pig" was scrawled on the front door in blood. Inside, police discovered the body of Polanski's pregnant wife, Actress Sharon Tate, 26. She was clad in a bikini nightgown. A nylon cord, looped around her neck and passed over a beam, linked her body to that of Jay Sebring, 35, who had been her beau before her marriage. A hood cov-



POLANSKI & TATE IN 1968
Grisly as any of the explorations.

ered Sebring's head, but the two appeared to have been stabbed or shot, not hanged. "It seemed kind of ritualistic," said one of the officers investigating the case.

Nor was the slaughter confined to the house. "There was ample blood all around," said a policeman. On the lawn lay the bodies of Voytek Frykowski, 37, a friend and associate of Polanski's, and Abigail Folger, 26, heiress to her family's coffee fortune and a partner of Sebring's in his chain of men's hair-styling shops. In a white Ambassador sedan parked in the driveway was the body of an unidentified young man. All had been slain.

Like a Battlefield. Miss Tate, who was expecting her baby this week, had appeared on television and in movies. She met Polanski when he directed her in *The Vampire Killers*. She returned about two weeks ago from Europe, where she had reportedly been traveling with Polanski. He had planned to return to Hollywood in time for the birth of their child, but was still in London when the bodies were discovered. He wept when he heard the news.

The brutality of the killings shocked even homicide-squad detectives. Said one: "It looked like a battlefield up there." Police said that every room in the house showed signs of a struggle. The victims appeared to have been dead for about twelve hours when they were discovered in the morning by a maid, Winifred Chapman, who ran screaming to neighbors for help. "This is a tough one," a detective said at first. "We don't have anything but bodies." But the police soon had more than that. They arrested William Garretson, 19, a caretaker who lived in a guesthouse on the property, and booked him for the quintuple slaying.

MANNERS AND MORALS

The Loser Lovers

After the 1960 elections, a true loser was defined as the owner of an Edsel with a Nixon sticker on its bumper. The Edsel cannot have the kind of revenge on its detractors that Richard Nixon has enjoyed; it will not rule the roads, or even be put back into production. In its way, however, the ponderous auto with the odd grille, which lost more than \$200 million for the Ford Motor Co. in 1957-'59, is making a comeback. A band of loyal loser lovers is lavishing affection and dollars on the survivors of the 110,847 Edsels produced before Ford had a better idea and ended production.

A cult is now growing up around the once-despised car. Edsel buffs around the country are banding together to compare their cars and defend them to any one who will listen. Edseliana in the form of badges, buckles and cap medallions is circulating. The trinkets feature a reproduction of Edsel's rather forgettable front-end design. Two weeks ago, 50 members of the Edsel Owners Club of America rolled into Reno, under a banner reading "The Edsels Are Here," for the club's first Western regional meeting. Last weekend, the 600-member club held its first national convention at the Indianapolis Speedway, while 50 members of the Midwest Area Edsel Club, not connected with the national group, were gathering for a rally at Toledo.

Vindication Sought. Co-founder and president of the national group is Edsel Henry Ford, 43, a California hospital official who is no relation to the Detroit Fords.* He bought his first used Edsel in 1959, out of curiosity, and now owns six. "I had to fulfill the image" that the name conveyed, he explains. There are even more zealous owners, such as the Midwestern doctor who owns 13 Edsels, the Marine in Viet Nam who had his Edsel shipped to Hawaii to be closer to him, and the long-distance bus driver who, when he sees an Edsel, stops his bus and tries to buy the car on the spot. There are still about 45,000 Edsels on the road, and Ford Motor Co. has been helpful in providing spare parts and owner's manuals.

Edselers believe that their cars were the victims of poor timing—they appeared on the market along with a recession—and feel that someday the auto will be rightfully recognized as a great car. Meanwhile, the new interest in the car is pushing its price up, with offers as high as \$1,000 for a '59 convertible. A '58 Edsel that sold for \$120 two years ago recently brought its owner \$600. That is a sure sign of a car's elevation in status from industrial miscreant to stylish antique.

* Edsel Henry's father was a great admirer of the original Henry Ford, but a relative used the name Henry Edsel Ford first, so Ford's father simply reversed the names for his son.

THE WORLD

A CHEAPER FRANC FOR A SMALLER FRANCE

BIT by bit, the successor to Charles de Gaulle has altered the grand designs of the Fifth Republic. In contrast to the general's no to British entry into the Common Market, Georges Pompidou seemed prepared to say yes under the right conditions. In place of De Gaulle's insistence on *grandeur*, Pompidou sought to give the impression that he was only an average Frenchman. The style at the Elysée reflected the change.

Last week Georges Pompidou made his most decisive break so far with the traditions of De Gaulle. In a surprise move, his government cut the value of the French franc by 12½%, from 20.255¢ to 18.004¢. For years, De Gaulle had equated the stability of the franc with French honor and his own infallibility; a stable franc had given him the power to play the role of a loner in international politics. Last November, against the weight of global financial opinion and the advice of most of his own ministers, he stunned the world by refusing to devalue the franc, which was already weak and unsteady. Pompidou, a former Rothschild banker, could not bring himself to defy reality. "Common sense advises us to align the franc on a rate recognized in foreign markets," he explained to the French in a special statement. "We content ourselves with taking note of a fact and acting on it."

Wide Effects. The immediate effect of devaluation is to make French goods cheaper in world trade and visits to France less costly for foreign tourists. Both developments will bolster the French economy. The effects will be felt beyond France's borders, however. When the international money markets reopen this week, there are bound to be repercussions. The U.S. dollar should feel no strain because it still ranks as one of the world's strongest currencies, but the convalescent British pound seems certain to come under renewed speculative attack. Although London affirmed its determination to maintain the price of sterling at its present \$2.40 level, financiers are divided over whether Britain has the resources to make that decision stick. At the unlikely worst, a forced devaluation of sterling could start a chain reaction of other devaluations, throwing the international monetary apparatus into chaos.

The French devaluation represents a considerable political victory for West Germany. A lower-priced franc reduces the pressures on the Bonn government to raise the 25¢ value of the robust Deutsche Mark. The mark is overvalued in comparison with the dollar and pound as well as with the franc, and that disparity has become a major source of international speculative troubles. But

Germany has resisted any change on the ground that it would only touch off domestic inflation.

Pompidou and Finance Minister Valéry Giscard d'Estaing decided on July 16 to devalue the franc. Only nine people in all of France knew of the impending devaluation. As far as France and the rest of the world were concerned, Pompidou was about to leave Paris on holiday at week's end. So artful was the camouflage that only a single French newsmen remained behind, lounging in the press department of Pompidou's Elysée Palace and flicking through the President's itinerary for a visit to Corsica. Then a stream of Citroën limousines began to disgorge Cabinet ministers for a hastily called meeting late Friday afternoon.

At 8 o'clock, after financial markets in Europe and New York closed for the weekend, Pompidou broke the news on radio and TV. He was followed by Premier Jacques Chaban-Delmas. Though financial experts knew that France had lately suffered massive losses of gold and foreign reserves, few realized to what depths the country's financial position had sunk. Giscard bluntly revealed the hitherto secret figures.



POMPIDOU
Only common sense.

France had been losing its monetary reserves at a rate of \$500 million a month in the second half of 1968 and at \$300 million a month this year. By year's end, declared Giscard, "the reserves would have been practically down to zero." France, in short, was facing the threat of national bankruptcy.

Inflationary Spiral. De Gaulle's proud franc was dented in the riots and strikes that shook France in May and June of 1968. As the price of settling the strikes, De Gaulle granted huge wage increases to the workers. French labor won across-the-board wage increases of 15%, but it made no corresponding gain in output. The result was an inflation that sent prices rising beyond the reach of the fat new pay packets. The French began to worry about the franc's strength. They contributed to its weakness by smuggling francs abroad to buy healthier currencies. The Gaullist government sought to stop the outflow by imposing strict exchange controls and limiting French tourists to \$200 a year for spending abroad, but the measures were largely ineffective. The French at home rushed to buy goods before inflation drove prices up further. The spurt in consumption only sucked in imports that depleted France's monetary coffers faster.

The devaluation is the 13th in the past 40 years for the franc. The last occasion was the 17½% cut of Dec. 29, 1958, which De Gaulle made in order to restore the franc to a sound basis before embarking on his grand design of making France a larger force in the world. Last week's move will not automatically cure France's 6½%-a-year inflation or its more deep-seated economic troubles. As Britain has learned in the wake of its own 1967 devaluation, cutting the value of a currency only buys time for overdue economic reforms. The Pompidou government expects to rely on a sharp reduction in government spending and a tightening of credit to check wages and prices. That policy may mean trouble with French labor leaders, who greeted devaluation with demands for higher pay.

Outside of France, the devaluation was welcomed as a necessary and prudent move. Its manner and its timing only enhanced Pompidou's reputation as a skilled and steady statesman. Since the value of a currency is irrevocably linked to a nation's image of itself, the devaluation gave some idea of Pompidou's own concept of the strained and overextended nation that he inherited from Charles de Gaulle. Pompidou's "devaluation without glory," as *Le Figaro* called it, signaled his own willingness to settle for a smaller but certainly more sensible France.

DIPLOMACY

Reassurance in Washington

West German Chancellor Kurt Kiesinger had a very special reason for traveling to Washington. She is blonde, cherubic and four years old. Cecilia is the child of Kiesinger's daughter Viola and Photographer Volkmar Wentzel, and she welcomed the Chancellor in the Wentzels' backyard in Washington with her own sign: a large red heart with "Welcome Opa [Grandpa]" written on it.

Kiesinger's chief reason for visiting the U.S. was less personal. West Germany is the most anxious country in Western Europe, and the Chancellor came to seek reassurance on a number of subjects. President Nixon had his



KIESINGER & CECILIA IN WASHINGTON
Reassurance abroad, help at home.

own message to get across. Reviewing his stopover in Bucharest during his round-the-world trip, the President stressed that he would not allow the Soviet Union's Brezhnev Doctrine and its claim of hegemony in Eastern Europe to deter U.S. efforts to establish better relations with those countries. As he sat in the White House's Oval Office with Richard Nixon, Kiesinger was heartened by the President's words.

SALT Fears. The West Germans have an abiding fear that the two superpowers will strike a secret agreement, as in Yalta, that will seal Germany's fate—without consulting the Germans themselves. At present, that anxiety centers on impending SALT (Strategic Arms Limitation Talks) between the U.S. and the Soviets. The Germans worry that

the Soviets may persuade the U.S. to reduce its nuclear umbrella of U.S.-based intercontinental missiles without a matching reduction in the hundreds of Soviet Intermediate Range Ballistic Missiles (IRBMs) that are pointing at Western Europe. The joint communiqué issued near the end of the two-day official visit contained Nixon's reassurance: "The President assured the Chancellor that the United States would take full account of the interests of its allies in the Strategic Arms Limitation Talks."

Another German worry is that the U.S. may be entering a new period of isolationism in which it may seek to disengage in Europe just as it already is lessening its commitment to Asia. Both men agreed, however, that it would be a mistake for the U.S. to make any unilateral troop withdrawals from Europe before the SALT get under way. Nixon vowed to Kiesinger that in America, "we proudly stand with you as friends and allies." As a symbol of even closer bonds of German-American relations, Nixon and Kiesinger agreed to set up a Bonn-Washington "hot line," similar to the one that links the White House and the Kremlin.

Strauss Waltzes. Even as the two men met, the three Allied powers that control West Berlin sent a note to the Soviet Union. It asked Moscow whether it would be interested in talks between West and East Germany about reducing tensions "in and around Berlin and between the two parts of Germany." The proposal was in reply to Soviet Foreign Minister Gromyko's recent statement that Russia would welcome talks about "normalizing" the status of Berlin. The British, French and the Americans made the offer primarily to put the ball back in the Soviets' court, while not endangering the 24-year-old Allied occupation rights in West Berlin, which lies 110 miles inside East German territory. Unfortunately, the new initiative seemed unlikely to meet with success, since the East Germans adamantly refuse to talk with their counterparts in Bonn about West Berlin, which the East Germans claim is their territory.

To a White House state dinner, Nixon invited many of the Americans who helped guide West Germany in the immediate postwar period. Among the guests were General Lucius Clay, postwar U.S. Military Governor of Germany, John McCloy, first civilian High Commissioner, and Dean Acheson, Secretary of State during the Berlin airlift. Kiesinger reminisced with the old German hands as the Marine chamber orchestra played Strauss waltzes.

The success of the visit may help Kiesinger politically at home. He needs it. National elections are scheduled for Sept. 28, and recent polls show that Kiesinger's long-dominant Christian Democrats have been losing ground to the rival Social Democrats. The pictures of the German Chancellor on the steps of the White House with a smiling Dick Nixon may help reverse the trend.

RUMANIA

Debate on Doctrine

Though no formal friendship pact between the U.S. and Rumania was negotiated during President Nixon's visit to Bucharest, Rumanians seemed convinced last week that one had been signed, sealed and delivered. In an informal sense, it had. The images of Nixon's tour would remain for a long time. People folded away newspaper clippings showing a smiling Nixon with Rumanian shoppers and folk dancers (see color). They held onto the miniature U.S. flags handed out for the President's reception. Well into the week, at least one Bucharest shopwindow was still decorated with a homemade U.S. flag and pictures of the Apollo astronauts.

President Nicolae Ceausescu had to postpone the opening of the Tenth Congress of Rumania's Communist Party for two days in order to give workmen time to take down the American flags on the city's street lamps and replace them with substitute banners in honor of the guest delegations from 66 countries. The new decorations, however, could not paper over Rumania's deep disputes with the Soviet Union. As a result, the congress turned into an extraordinary confrontation between Rumania's policy of forming ties with the West and Moscow's rigid Brezhnev Doctrine that insists on obedience and conformity among the Soviet Union's East Bloc neighbors.

Marathon Speech. The 1,915 delegates and some 150 foreign guests, including representatives from Cuba and North Viet Nam, gathered in Bucharest's Palace of Culture, a striking futuristic building that was completed only this year. Though Ceausescu emphasized his evenhanded approach in the Sino-Soviet dispute by sending an invitation to Peking, the Chinese refused to attend. Apparently, they could not accept his precondition that while in Bucharest they refrain from polemics against other Communist nations. Foreign guests were whisked about in gleaming black Mercedes-Benz limousines, which have replaced Soviet-made Chaikas as the official car. The fleet serves as a reminder that Ceausescu has made West Germany his second-largest trading partner after Russia. Breaking with Communist tradition, Ceausescu allowed newsmen, including one Mao-suited Chinese reporter, to sit in the gallery and witness the full proceedings. Delegates soon found out why.

In a marathon five-hour opening speech, Ceausescu reiterated his departures from Kremlin orthodoxy. A major point was economics. The Soviets wish to bring about a greater consolidation with Comecon, the Communist counterpart of the European Common Market. But Ceausescu wants to widen trade relations and draw on the West's technical and financial strength. Declared the Rumanian leader: "The intensification of economic collaboration must allow the ever stronger development of



Milestone In East-West Diplomacy

WALTER BENNETT



In a pose befitting running mates, Nixon and Rumanian President Nicolae Ceaușescu said their goodbyes amid cheers at Otopeni Airport.

Under a clear Bucharest sky, Old Glory, for a while at least, flew in peaceful coexistence with a statue of Lenin.



At Bucharest's Home Museum, costumed dancers led the two Presidents in a traditional Romanian version of the hora.



With U.S. flags and bouquets of flowers crowds lined up eight deep to catch a glimpse of Nixon as he passed in motorcade.



No question about this salutation for the first U.S. President ever to visit a Communist capital.

each national economy. It must be based on respect for the independence and sovereignty of each socialist state."

Ceausescu also denounced interference by an outside power in the affairs of another country. As a reflection of his canny Balkan diplomacy, Ceausescu addressed his remarks to the Western imperialists, but the Soviets must have realized that the words also applied to them: "Imperialism disregards the national interests of the peoples, brutally encroaches on their sovereign rights." Ceausescu even remarked that Rumania has civilian defense units trained to "fight for the defense" of their homeland—a hint that Rumania would not be as easy to invade as Czechoslovakia.

Opening Swipe. Perhaps out of fear of receiving a less than enthusiastic reception in Bucharest, Soviet Party Boss Leonid Brezhnev stayed home. In his place, Moscow sent a delegate of lesser rank: Konstantin Katushev, party secretary in charge of dealing with foreign ruling parties. At 42, Katushev is, nonetheless, a rapidly rising figure in the Kremlin, and he undertook a spirited rebuttal to Ceausescu the next day. For openers, he took a rather startling swipe at the "perfidious tactics of 'bridge building' to the West." Its only purpose, he said, is "to drive a wedge between the socialist countries."

After that, Katushev launched into a defense of the Brezhnev Doctrine, Western imperialists, he said, have taken to "openly supporting antisocialist forces and counter-revolutionary plots in Communist countries." The Kremlin, of course, justified its invasion of Czechoslovakia by claiming such threats existed there. And Katushev left little doubt that the Soviets would intervene elsewhere in Eastern Europe for the same reason. Quoting a recent article by Brezhnev, he said: "Our party will spare no effort in order to strengthen the cohesion of the Communist movement and will carry out its international duty."

Russia succeeded in making two things clear in Bucharest. First, though the Kremlin originally reacted to news of Nixon's trip to Rumania with seeming equanimity, Soviet leaders are now thoroughly unhappy about it—probably because it was so successful. Second, the Brezhnev Doctrine has become a fundament of policy, which Russia expects both bloc members and the West to acknowledge, even to the point of clearing presidential visits.

Ceausescu's bold speech made it equally clear that Rumania remains committed to limited independence, doctrine or no doctrine. The Kremlin has so far suffered that policy because it is convinced that despite Ceausescu's foreign policy, the party maintains firm control of Rumania. As long as the country's skillful leader can hold the delicate balance between Rumania's goals and those of Russia, the Kremlin will probably content itself only with more disapproving speeches. Nevertheless, Katushev's address served Ceausescu an unmistakable warning.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA

"Day of Shame"

The instructions are clear and simple. Do not use public transport on Aug. 21. Do not patronize shops or buy newspapers. Stay away from cinemas, restaurants and nightclubs. Decorate gravestones and national monuments. Wear black arm bands. At the stroke of noon, stop working, walking, driving and every other activity for precisely five minutes.

In thousands of clandestine leaflets, Czechoslovakia's resistance leaders are instructing their countrymen on how to observe the first anniversary of the Soviet invasion. Since an estimated 75,000 Soviet troops are still inside their country, the underground leaders have pru-

TEAN SIMON



SOVIET TANK IN LIBEREČ, 1968

Forecast is cool, with a threat of pain.

dently counseled against massive demonstrations. Instead, they intend to turn the observance into a dignified national "day of shame."

Ominous Visitor. It will also be a national day of tension. The government is making its own preparations for suppressing any defiant outbursts. In the first blatantly political arrests since the invasion, police have detained at least 50 persons for printing or distributing "antisocialist" leaflets. Czechoslovakia's Communist Party has issued stern warnings against "provocations." An ominous visitor has arrived in Prague. He is Soviet General Aleksei Epishev, chief political commissar of the Russian army and a member of the Soviet Central Committee, whose job it is to repress political dissent.

Thousands of Soviet and Czechoslovak troops are scheduled on the anniversary date to be on "maneuvers" around Prague and other large cities, obviously poised to intervene in the event that demonstrations get out of control.

Meanwhile, Czechoslovakia's two top

leaders, Party Boss Gustav Husák and President Ludvík Svoboda, are on "vacation" in the Crimea, where they have met with Soviet Party Boss Leonid Brezhnev and President Nikolai Podgorniy. In all likelihood, the Russians openly pressed Husák to sign a statement formally approving the invasion; so far, he has stopped just short of doing that. But undoubtedly, they added a final warning that Moscow has ordered Aug. 21 to be a cool day.

Hail of Stones. Despite the underground call for a show of only passive resistance, there is a danger that the anniversary may turn into something considerably more violent. Potentially, it is the most explosive time in Czechoslovakia since the invasion itself. After the Moscow-dictated dismissal of the lib-

eral Alexander Dubček last April, the nation gradually sank into the depths of despair and sullenness. The factory workers who a year ago volunteered for weekend "Dubček shifts" without pay, in order to boost production, are today blatantly loafing on the job and pilfering supplies. The slowdown has made a mockery of practically every state-prescribed quota. By the end of April, for example, only 11% of this year's construction targets had been completed. There is a shortage of many consumer goods. In a rare bit of candor for Czechoslovakia's tightly supervised press, the weekly *Tribuna* reported last week that in a recent poll, 69.7% of the young people interviewed saw the future pessimistically.

The stronghold of the resistance movement is in the labor unions, whose liberal leaders have not been so susceptible to purges as other groups. When a Soviet delegation recently visited the Avia factory complex in Prague, it was received with a hail of stones thrown by workers.

RUSSIA

Behind a Desperate Escape

In his second week after defecting to the West, Soviet Author Anatoly Kuznetsov continued to detail his grim account of what it means to be a writer in the Soviet Union. "It is a frightful story," the novelist wrote in a copy-righted article in London's *Sunday Telegraph*. It is the story of a man haunted and hounded by Russia's massive secret security apparatus, the KGB. It is the painful record of an individual who, because he was expected to inform on friends, was forced into one moral crisis after another. Determined to escape, he finally resorted to an act of sheer desperation. It was, he says, "the animal in-

ple behave" in his travel group while visiting France. Though only politically reliable Russians are allowed to travel abroad, they are still forced to spy on one another. Says Kuznetsov: "If five people are traveling abroad, at least two of them are informers."

At home, Kuznetsov became convinced that his mail, reading matter and telephone were constantly monitored; there was one almost comic episode in which a voice on the other end of his line told him that he could not use his phone until the recording machine had been changed. After a mysterious fire in his study, he began to bury manuscripts. He suspected that every acquaintance was an informer. And he admits that he turned down his one

JENSEN—SUNDAY TELEGRAPH, LONDON



"REMEMBER, COMRADE KUZNETSOV, THERE WILL ALWAYS BE A PLACE KEPT FOR YOU IN THE RANKS OF OUR LITERARY FRATERNITY"

instinct for self-preservation, probably—I was at least a living being."

"I do not know a single writer in Russia who has not had connection with the KGB," declares Kuznetsov. The connection, he explains, takes one of three forms: direct collaboration, limited cooperation, or a refusal to collaborate (in which case a writer is usually not published). The intimacy of the association depends largely on the writer's principles. For years, Kuznetsov chose the middle course, promising to report any "anti-Soviet activities" that he witnessed but refusing to spy on other writers. Once, after Kuznetsov had listened to a disillusioned scientist complain about being forced to work out mass-kill formulas on a missile project, the writer found himself summoned to a meeting on a park bench. "It was one of the 'comrades' [secret police]," he says. The agent repeated the conversation and demanded to know why Kuznetsov had not reported it. "I tremble when I write now about that conversation," he confesses. "I was forgiven and allowed to go, but was warned."

On his first trip abroad, another "comrade" pressured him to "see how peo-

ple behave" in his travel group while visiting France. Though only politically reliable Russians are allowed to travel abroad, they are still forced to spy on one another. Says Kuznetsov: "If five people are traveling abroad, at least two of them are informers."

No Way Out. Determined to leave Russia, Kuznetsov could think only of getting permission to travel abroad. "Informers are what they like," he said to himself. "Fine. So they'll get a real piece of informing." He began to drop hints to the KGB that a new underground journal was about to be published by a group of his colleagues, including Poet Evgeny Yevtushenko. Kuznetsov does not make clear whether his fabricated story actually placed those writers in any real danger. But he passes a tortured judgment on himself as well as other Soviet intellectuals. "I now believe," he says, "that the main reason why many highly intelligent and able people do not escape from there is because the Soviet regime has forced them to commit such cowardly acts that no amount of repentance can absolve them. There is no way out."

THE WAR

Mystery of the Green Berets

Although they are the most glamorous and publicized soldiers of the Viet Nam war, the U.S. Army's elite Special Forces have always been enveloped in the sinister. Highly trained in guerrilla and psychological warfare, they operate covertly on the fringes of battle. They often ignore the nominal rules of war in their day-to-day battle for survival in isolated rural areas.

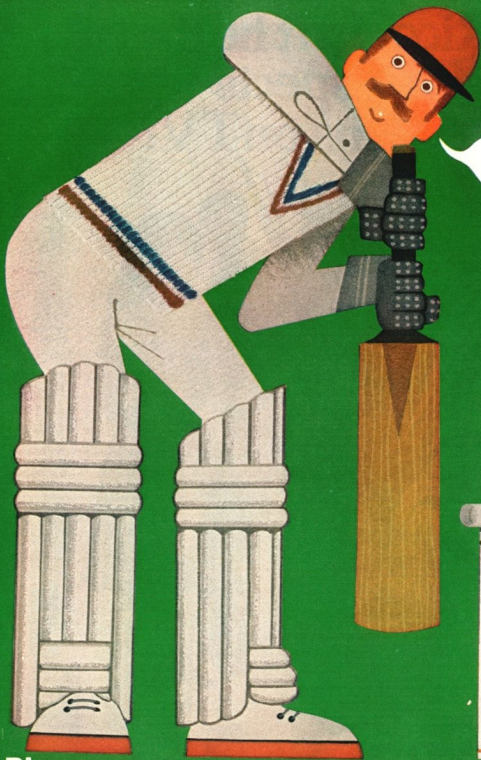
Last week the aura of intrigue was deepened and tinged with scandal when the Army's Saigon command announced that eight Green Berets, including the Special Forces commander for all of Viet Nam, had been detained while the Army investigated charges of premeditated murder against them in the shooting of a South Vietnamese. The commander is Colonel Robert B. Rheault, 43, a much-decorated West Pointer. Also arrested were two majors, three captains, a chief warrant officer and a sergeant first class.*

Ripples of Disbelief. The Army did nothing to lessen the mystery. The killing was said to have occurred June 20 near the Special Forces headquarters at Nha Trang, 200 miles northeast of Saigon. Rheault was relieved of his command on July 21. Who the victim was, what his connections with the war might have been, who brought the charges—all these facts remained secret. Regular military investigating units professed to have no knowledge of the incident, leading to conjecture that the case involved a secret agency, possibly the CIA. This speculation was supported by the fact that at least three of the Green Berets were intelligence specialists. According to one story, the victim was a Vietnamese spy for the Americans, who had disappeared when he was discovered to be a double agent. No body has been found, and rumor has it that the victim was disposed of at sea. Such a killing would not be unique in Viet Nam, not difficult to disguise. Why the Army chose to publicize the case is another mystery.

Rarely has an officer of Rheault's high rank faced a murder charge. Thus the case sent ripples of disbelief and disillusionment through Army camps and mess halls. Rheault had been respected and well liked by his men. Said one Green Beret captain: "My first reaction was shock. The second was that Colonel Rheault was getting shafted." Several soldiers had first thought that Rheault was relieved of duty in order to be promoted to brigadier general.

Rheault's replacement, Colonel Alexander Lemberes, said he was just as

* In addition to Rheault of New Canaan, Conn., the others were Major Thomas C. Middleton Jr. of Jefferson, S.C., Major David E. Crew of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, Captain Leland J. Brumley of Duncan, Okla., Captain Robert F. Marasco of Bloomfield, N.J., Captain Budgie E. Williams of Athens, Ga., Chief Warrant Officer Edward M. Boyle of New York and Sergeant Alvin L. Smith Jr. of Naples, Fla.



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puzzled as everyone else. He had only 15 minutes to pack after being notified that he was replacing Rheault, and subsequently broke his right ankle in a hasty attempt to qualify as a parachutist—something all Green Berets must do.

Relatives of the eight men were also left without explanations. Mrs. Rheault said she had sensed that something was wrong from her husband's most recent letters, but relatives of the others said that they had not been aware of any difficulties until news reports of the arrests appeared. By week's end, four of the accused had hired civilian lawyers. Two of the attorneys received security clearances, reinforcing the belief that the case involves some supersecret operation. The Army is now investigating the charges to see if there are grounds for a court-martial. Conviction on a charge of premeditated murder carries a maximum penalty of death.

Shock for a Symbol

The huge U.S. military base at Cam Ranh Bay has long been hailed as proof of American determination to stay in Viet Nam. Swiftly constructed at a cost of more than \$100 million by Army engineers in the heady days of the 1965-66 buildup, the complex has 70 miles of roads, a jet airfield, a port handling ocean freighters and one of the Army's largest supply depots anywhere. Cam Ranh Bay was considered so safe that Lyndon Johnson paid two visits there.

It was a haven in an ugly war. White sand beaches stretch far at Cam Ranh. Off-duty Americans surf on the gentle swells and snorkel into secluded coves to watch brilliantly colored fish and huge lobsters. There are lighted tennis courts, and at the nurses' Saturday-night dances, the boogaloo and the popcorn are pop-

ular. As President Nixon began to disengage U.S. troops from Viet Nam, Cam Ranh acquired new importance as a possible exit or rear-guard enclave for departing American forces.

Then one night last week the war came to Cam Ranh Bay. Obviously tipped off about the base's security arrangements, a squad of Viet Cong guerrillas managed about midnight to slip past trip flares and guard posts on the northern perimeter. Once inside, they unerringly made their way to the army hospital. After hurling satchel charges at ward doors and windows, the guerrillas fired automatic rifles into the long, low buildings. Dashing through the darkness, the Viet Cong also blew up a chapel and a water tower. In all, the attack damaged 19 buildings. Most of the 732 patients were carried out or managed to scramble to safety. Even so, the toll was two Americans killed and 98 wounded, some gravely. The Viet Cong escaped without losing a man.

That afternoon Viet Cong bomb squads struck again. In Saigon they drove a shabby bomb-laden Citroën up to a U.S. language school for Vietnamese servicemen. As they fled the auto, the guerrillas gunned down three Vietnamese sentries. Then the car exploded, killing another nine Vietnamese and injuring 67 persons, including 28 U.S. Air Force men.

The Cam Ranh and Saigon raids were not random attacks but deliberately planned to cause heavy casualties and political impact. Elsewhere there were isolated outbursts of fighting, the sharpness since mid-June, including a battalion-sized battle near the DMZ. The respite in major ground action continued into its eighth week, but it was clearly a selective lull.

KENYA

Ominous Oaths

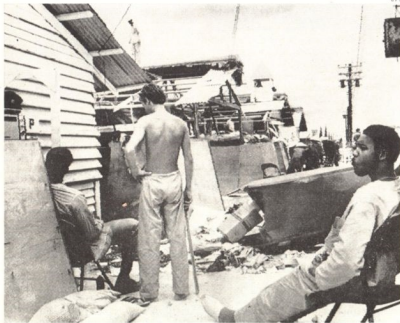
When a black Kenyan these days says, "I'm going to Gatundu for a cup of tea," his friends know that it may be a cover-up for something else. Gatundu is the residence of Kenya's President Jomo Kenyatta, and "tea drinking" is really oath swearing. Unlike the tribesmen who swore secret oaths to join the Mau Mau rebellion against foreigners in the 1950s, Kikuyu by the thousands are swearing oaths against fellow Kenyans in the President's backyard.

This ominous new outbreak of tribal tension was set off by last month's assassination of Tom Mboya, who was the Minister of Economic Planning and Development in the predominantly Kikuyu government. Mboya was a member of the Luo tribe, a rival of the Kikuyu. The arrested suspect is a Kikuyu. In addition to reacting to possible trouble with the Luo, the Kikuyu are also closing ranks in preparation for a national election within the next eight months.

Vast Scale. The Kikuyu, according to one participant, strip naked, then hold hands in a circle around a darkened hut and chant an oath before entering it. Inside the hut they eat soil and swear to follow the oath. "The government of Kenya is under Kikuyu leadership, and this must be maintained," goes the pledge. "If any tribe tries to set itself up against the Kikuyu, we must fight them in the same way that we did fighting the British settlers. No uncircumcised leaders [for example, the Luo] will be allowed to compete with the Kikuyu. You shall not vote for any party not led by the Kikuyu. If you reveal this oath, may this oath kill you."

The vast scale of the Kikuyu activity got into the headlines in Kenya last week with the accidental crash of three trucks. All were jampacked with Kikuyu, and survivors said that they were traveling to or from Kenyatta's home. Thirteen passengers were killed, 105 injured. The presence of so many Kikuyu on the road to the President's house raised suspicions that the tribe was engaged in a clandestine operation. In Parliament, members of Leader Oginga Odinga's opposition party charged that the Kikuyu were engaged in oath taking on the grounds of the President's residence. When a government spokesman denied such ceremonies, claiming that they were simple expressions of loyalty to Kenyatta, there were cries of "Shame! Shame!"

The Kikuyu, so the story went, had asked Kenyatta, who is a member of the tribe, to allow mass oath taking. Outsiders do not know Kenyatta's response, but there is no doubt that his yard has become the scene of mass oath ceremonies. Many non-Kikuyu citizens fear that Kenyatta, the founder of the country, has been pressured into allowing tribal factionalism at the expense of national unity and his own policy of pulling the tribes together.



AMERICAN PATIENTS AT CAM RANH BAY
No safe haven anywhere.

ZAMBIA

Justice on Trial

Two young Portuguese soldiers patrolling Angola's nervous border with Zambia were surprised to see someone beckoning them from the other side. Angola, a Portuguese colony, and Zambia, an independent nation that harbors anti-Portuguese guerrillas, are virtually at war. The two soldiers were curious about the invitation from the other side. They handed their weapons to a comrade and strolled across the border to chat amicably with a Zambian immigration officer. To their chagrin, they found themselves arrested—and sentenced by an African magistrate in a lower court to a fine of \$2,800 or two years in prison for entering Zambia illegally.

Reviewing the judgment, Zambian High Court Justice Ifor Evans ruled that the offense was "trivial" and quashed the conviction. In addition, Justice Evans, who is white, noted that the original verdict "did not redound to the credit of the Zambian authorities."

Down from Heaven. The High Court's ruling posed a severe dilemma for moderate President Kenneth Kaunda. He was caught between his respect for an independent judiciary and the nationalistic outrage of his black citizens over the Portuguese, who have been bombing Zambian villages in order to hit the guerrillas.

Under the circumstances, Kaunda had no choice. In an uncharacteristic outburst, he accused the all-white High Court of behaving like "some organization from heaven looking down on us," while "my people are being slaughtered by the Portuguese." He demanded an explanation from Irish-born Chief Justice James Skinner, a longtime friend, and one of 600 of the country's 65,000 whites who have bothered to become Zambian citizens. Unruffled, Skinner backed up his fellow judge: the ruling had not been politically motivated, he replied. Skinner asserted the judiciary's right to "criticize the executive or its individual servants." Kaunda's office retaliated with a statement that sounded threatening: "The President now knows where the judiciary stands, and he will deal with the matter in his own way."

The next day Kaunda's followers decided to deal with the High Court in their own way. Four hundred members of the Zambian Youth Service gathered in front of Lusaka's red-brick High Court. At the sound of a whistle, they stormed inside. Skinner and Evans locked themselves into an office while the youths pounded on the door and broke up furniture. There were more demonstrations in other towns against the High Court, and a number of Europeans were beaten. Posters reflected the angry mood: "The Only Good White Man Is a Dead One" and "One Zambia, One Nation—Minus Whites."

The outburst shocked Kaunda, who told the justices he was "awfully sorry." His apologies came too late. Skinner flew off to London on "indefinite

sick leave," and Evans left for Australia. Though Skinner later said he might return to Zambia, a third justice also announced his resignation. Speculation in Zambia was that the remaining four might leave the bench by the end of the year. The High Court crisis badly unsettled Zambia's white residents, who count on the white judiciary as a safeguard against the excesses of black nationalism. The value of private homes in Lusaka has dropped by one-sixth, and many white residents have made plans to leave. A white exodus would harm Zambia's economy, since Europeans play a significant role in running the country's copper mines and other important industries.

The uproar brought into sharp focus



KAUNDA SEEING SKINNER OFF TO LONDON
Apologies may have come too late.

the problem of judicial independence in Africa. The concept of an autonomous judiciary rankles many Africans. In Zambia, as in other African nations, justice at the local level is administered by the tribal chief; the concept of a separate court is alien. Moreover, growing nationalism creates incompatibility with anything that seems to block political and economic goals.

The problem is complicated by racial overtones. In many of the new African nations, including Kenya, Malawi, Tanzania and Uganda, there are not enough qualified black judges to fill the benches in the higher courts. As a result, most of the senior judges are white—though many of them, like Skinner, have become citizens of the countries in which they serve. According to present standards, black law students, now in the various national universities, will not be eligible to become judges for another five years.

Kaunda will probably cope with the

flight of white judges either by recruiting black ones from the Caribbean or by lowering qualifications for black Zambians. In any event, his United National Independence Party, which controls more than two-thirds of Parliament, could take advantage of the crisis to create a new judiciary that is more attuned to the country's politics.

ITALY

Rumor Has It Again

After one of the longest political crises in its postwar history, Italy last week had a government again. It was headed by Mariano Rumor, the same man who 32 days earlier had seen his coalition of Socialists and Christian Democrats fall apart (TIME, July 18). Unable to reconstruct the old relationship because of a schism among the Socialists, Rumor this time built a *monocolore*, or one-party government from his own Christian Democrats.

It is not the soundest government that Italy has ever had. It commands no majority in the Chamber of Deputies and must rely on its former Socialist allies for cooperation. Moreover, Rumor has agreed to disband his government as soon as the Socialists patch up their quarrels and are once more able to participate in a coalition.

Despite these limitations, Rumor collected an impressive 25-man cabinet that includes some competent former ministers and new faces from all eight factions of the Christian Democrats. Former Premier Aldo Moro (1963-68) is Foreign Minister. Emilio Colombo, one of the architects of *Il Boom*, Italy's continuing prosperity, remains in his old job at the Treasury. Leftist Carlo Donat Cattin, a newcomer to the Cabinet who favors increased cooperation with the Communist Party, is Labor Minister. Rumor has the promise of the Socialists that they will help him pass several reform bills, including one to modernize Italy's archaic universities, another to finance new regional governments.

Ultimate Weapon. It took Rumor long enough to form the new government. After three unsuccessful attempts he resorted to what is known in Italian politics as *The Ultimate Weapon*: he threatened to advise President Giuseppe Saragat to call new elections. Few people hate the expense of campaigning more than Italians, and many of the 630 members of the Chamber of Deputies are still paying off campaign debts from last year's national elections. Emerging temporarily from his self-imposed exile, Veteran Socialist Leader Pietro Nenni, 78, persuaded his fractured party to support the *monocolore* until a new coalition could be formed, possibly some time next spring.

Rumor also had a powerful ally in Rome's sweltering August heat, which has already driven about 200,000 residents to seaside and mountains. This week, after the Italian Senate approves Italy's 31st postwar government, the Deputies will hasten to join them.

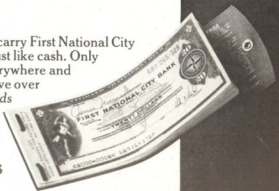


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A Bad Case of Napoleonomania

GOD was bored by him," Victor Hugo once remarked of Napoleon. But the French certainly do not share that feeling. Despite devaluation of the franc, France this week celebrates the 200th anniversary of Bonaparte's birth, gripped by an unprecedented outbreak of Napoleonomania. Traveling by ship and plane to Napoleon's Corsican hometown of Ajaccio (pop. 50,000), more than 200,000 tourists will enjoy fireworks and street dancing, hear President Georges Pompidou deliver the bicentennial address and watch 3,500 French *légionnaires*, dressed as the Emperor's *grogards* (grumpy veterans), parade through the spruced-up city.

The Ajaccio festivities are the peak of the celebrations. But every day in 1969 is a Nappy birthday, marked by Napoleonic exhibitions, costume parades, festivals, commemorative ceremonies, solemn Masses or pilgrimages. In one recent week, six major Napoleonic art shows opened in Paris and the suburbs alone. French TV has scheduled no fewer than 80 programs about the Emperor. Some 100 books on Napoleon will be published during the year. Paul Ferrandi, director of Corsica House in Paris, says: "Next to Jesus Christ, Napoleon Bonaparte is the most written-about subject in the world."

The merchandisers are busy, too. A bottle of brandy named for Napoleon is opened with a corkscrew bearing the head of Bonaparte. Napoleon comes in dolls, lampshades, vases, bumper stickers, two-foot-square postcards, cuff links and assorted junk. A cheese manufacturer is distributing 10 million color pictures of *Grande Armée* heroes. Paris hairdressers decreed the *N* line: a lock dangling over the forehead. For three dollars, one may acquire a replica of



DAVID'S "NAPOLEON"

the Emperor's will on pseudo parchment with an imitation red seal. Says an official of the Bonapartist political party that has ruled Ajaccio for over a century: "When we Corsicans put our right hand inside our coat like the Emperor, it's on our heart. Others are feeling for their wallet."

Foreigners are making the most of Napoleon too. The Austrians produce huge red, green and gold candles in the form of the imperial eagle. The Spaniards are forging Napoleon's "battle sword" to Toledo—for sale in France, since he was never very popular in Spain. The British fabricate "Napoleon soap," with a color reproduction inside of David's famous painting of the Emperor on a horse. The soap shrinks, of course, but the portrait of Napoleon stays. "Imagine being able to wash your hands with Napoleon," exults Xavier Moreschi, the chief Corsican commercializer of the bicentennial in Paris, who is already actively preparing the celebration of the 150th anniversary of Napoleon's death in 1971. "Sure, they get indignant about that back home in Ajaccio, but a guy who can sell soap when he has been dead almost 150 years must be somebody."

Despite this Napoleonomania, Frenchmen are divided over this most famous Frenchman. Conservatives and Catholics admire Napoleon as the man who ended revolutionary chaos, transformed France into a modern state, reopened the churches, established the bourgeoisie as the ruling class. Communists praise him for destroying feudalism throughout Europe. On the other hand, royalists, socialists, schoolteachers and intellectuals despise him. Royalists regard the self-made Emperor as a "usurper." The others consider him the betrayer of the revolution, a bloodthirsty tyrant whose invasions of Spain and Russia decimated French youth.

"The tone of the controversy was violent from the beginning," says Napoleonic Scholar Jean Tulard. "Even

before Napoleon created his own golden legend, his opponents had created the black legend of Napoleon." Two socialist-minded French historians, ex-Naval Officer Louis de Villefosse and his wife Janine Bouissou, attack Napoleon ferociously in a recently published book, *L'Opposition à Napoléon*. In *jacusé* tones, they condemn Napoleon for "re-establishing slavery in the [French] colonies and the black slave trade. We could go as far as to charge him with racism and fascism. No, decidedly, it is not respect for law that he taught Europe, but the religion of force. He was fundamentally antidemocratic. Napoleon's wars of liberation degenerated into wars of conquest. He largely created 19th century nationalism."

A more widely held view was expressed in an Ajaccio *lycée* history teacher, André Fazi: "All things considered, Napoleon's balance sheet seems positive. I'll admit, though, that Bonaparte the revolutionary Consul was more admirable than Napoleon the Emperor. As somebody said, they should have killed Napoleon at the foot of a statue of Bonaparte."

Protesting his final exile to St. Helena, Napoleon declared: "I appeal to history." Last week a guide in Napoleon's birthplace in Ajaccio, taking some liberties with that history, described a movable plank in the floor as "the trap door through which Napoleon had to escape from his admirers when he returned from Egypt." One visitor pointed out that on an earlier visit he had been told Napoleon had used the trap door to escape his enemies, who burned down the house. The guide agreed. "Yes, that's what we used to say, but they've changed our text."



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PEOPLE

The Metropolitan Opera's beautiful soprano **Anna Moffo** has had more than her share of movie offers. But most of the roles were not for her, she said. They were just plain "dirty." Now Anna has apparently found the film she was waiting for. She is in Rome starring in *Una Storia d'Amore*, playing the long-suffering mistress of a flashy young cad who makes love to her (while taking blue movies with a remote-control camera), then tosses her out into the street. Doesn't all the naked grappling and wrestling qualify as dirty? Not at all, says Anna earnestly. "It's not one bit in the category of lewd films because the wife goes back to her husband in the end. She is not just cheating her husband because her emotions are involved. She is basically a woman of our time. A very honest woman who has a moment of tragedy."



MOFFO IN "d'AMORE"
Basically of our time.

"The first time I've ever been in love," The Playboy was saying in Rome. "I've found what I've been looking for in all the other women: freshness and innocence." As he spoke, he stroked the hands, hair and knees of the silent, smiling brunette by his side. After a career of elaborate bachelorhood spun out against a kaleidoscopic backdrop of beautiful faces and figures, Publisher **Hugh Hefner**, 43, was telling the press that his long-elusive heart had been captured at last. The girl was Barbara Benton, a svelte 19-year-old California coed who graced *Playboy's* July cover and is already starring in her first film, *What's a Nice Girl Like You Doing in a Business Like This?* Has he already pro-

posed marriage? asked reporters. "Not now—maybe later," replied Hugh. But it was "a serious relationship" all the same. Well, would she say yes if he did ask? the newsmen asked Barbara. Said she with a smile: "It would be fun to say no."

Postmarked Paris, the packages addressed to Moonwives **Jan Armstrong**, **Joan Aldrin** and **Pat Collins** contained curious-looking presents: three black wrought-iron keys. They are quite some keys, though—they open the front doors of three luxurious villas in a pine forest overlooking the Mediterranean. The ladies' admirer is Mario Marelllo, a real estate developer who is building a community of \$40,000 vacation homes near Fréjus on the French Riviera. While he followed the moon shot, says Marelllo, "I couldn't keep my mind off the wives and children and the terrible anxiety they were feeling. I wanted to do something for the wives. So I decided to offer what I had—my houses." Although Marelllo declares that he will make "absolutely no use" of the astronauts' names, it is unlikely that NASA will allow the girls to accept the generous offer. In the past, the answer has always been: "Thanks, but no thanks."

His bulldozing tactics on the gridiron made **Jim Brown** one of the greatest fullbacks in the history of pro football. Civilian life is something else again. Brown has been brought to court four times in four years on various charges, usually involving illegal use of hands on both men and women. He has yet to be convicted, but now he faces another rap. According to Hollywood police, Brown slammed his Lincoln into the rear of a car driven by Arthur Brush, a 52-year-old retired businessman. Brown refused to identify himself and drove away—running into Brush in the process and flipping him onto the hood of his car. Then, the cops say, Brown

stopped, got out, threw Brush to the street and continued on his way. Five days later, Brown was picked up and charged with felonious assault. Said he at his arraignment: "I walk tall. I do my thing. They try to break you. They won't break me."

Madalyn Murray O'Hair is not only the world's most vocal atheist, she is probably the most imaginative. Last week she filed suit in Austin, Texas, seeking to "enjoin the astronauts from further Bible reading and prayer recitation in space." Mrs. O'Hair alleges that recitations from the *Book of Genesis* by Apollo 8 Commander Frank Borman represented "unsound flight procedure" since the passages were actually printed on the flight plan. What's more, she says, Apollo 8 was scheduled for Christmas only because NASA was in "financial trouble. NASA knows that if they can link the space program with religion, they've got it made financially."

Over the past few years, South Africa's dashing **Dr. Christiaan Barnard** has been photographed with more than his share of lovely women, among them Gina Lollobrigida, Sophia Loren and Princess Grace. Last week the handsome, just-divorced surgeon turned up at Nice airport after a flight from Copenhagen—and there to meet him was quite possibly the most stunning beauty of all. Flashbulbs popped. Gossip buzzed. As it turned out, **Shoanna Ryan**, 18, was just welcoming Barnard for her daddy, a U.S. builder who had invited the doctor for a four-day vacation at St. Tropez. Barnard was soon off to Rome and Shoanna was back sunning herself on the beach.



BARNARD & SHOANNA
Beautifully false lead.



HEFNER & BARBARA
Boysily falling in love.

ENVIRONMENT

Ecology: The New Jeremiahs



COMMONER



HOLLING



ODUM



WATT

THERE has not been a topic for such worried conversation since James Baldwin forecast the fire next time. Suburban matrons predict the melting of the polar icecaps followed by catastrophic floods. Busy executives and bearded hippies discuss the presence of DDT in the flesh of Antarctic penguins. All sorts of Americans utter new words like ecosystem and eutrophication. Pollution may soon replace the Viet Nam war as the nation's major issue of protest.

It is, in short, the year of ecology, a word derived from the Greek *oikos*, meaning "house." In modern usage, ecology is the study of nature's house or environment, including man's complex dependence on a bewildering variety of other creatures and life processes.

Because of their grim warnings about man's environmental abuses, the once sheltered ecologists are turning into modern Jeremiahs. Who are they? In part, they are the descendants of yesterday's conservationists, who harried the U.S. into setting up national parks and wildlife sanctuaries. But there are significant differences. The old conservationists were nature lovers and esthetes who often seemed devoted to fencing off nature for themselves. Today's ecologists are scientists who know that all nature is interconnected and that any intervention has far-reaching effects. They are moved to action not only by considerations of beauty and sentiment but also by growing knowledge of the possibly disastrous consequences of unthinking intervention. The need for their expert opinions is being increasingly felt in Congress, the regulatory agencies and corporations, giving them an influence that promises to match or surpass that of the outspoken atomic scientists of the '50s.

During the past weeks, *TIME* has interviewed some of the top men in key branches of ecology. All agree that ecologists combat threats to the environment. They differ only in the kinds of actions they would take:

► George E. Hutchinson, 66, of Yale, specializes in limnology (the study of lakes) and in the puzzle of why closely related animals coexist without devouring one another. He is a quietist. "I tend to concentrate on things where I can be uniquely effective," he says, and his theoretical work in limnology has greatly aided the practical work of water-pollution control. Unlike some alarmist ecologists, Hutchinson thinks that mankind will survive its excesses. "But the cost to the satisfactions of life will be enormous. There is already a reaction to overcrowding in the cities—riots. The fact that people can't sit in a garden, watch birds around them—this is the real source of difficulty. We need more

research not only on the minimal needs of people in cities but also on their optimal needs. What can we do to help them feel more truly human?"

► Kenneth E. F. Watt, 40, is a professor of zoology at the University of California in Davis, one of the world's major ecology training centers. He is also an activist. "How else can you tab a guy who is out making speeches every night and spending every spare minute writing articles?" A systems analyst who pioneered the use of computers for solving environmental problems, Watt is currently directing a \$174,000 Ford Foundation-financed study of California to examine the effects of population growth on urban transportation, pollution, public health and welfare, natural resources and law enforcement. "If we can't lick the population problem," he says, "we'll have to increase the size of the planet or put people in eight-by-eight-foot cells and feed them algae. I'm not proposing these things, but people have to face up to the necessity of birth control if they want freedom to move around, to be healthy, to have a balanced diet, to live like humans."

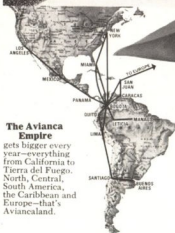
► Crawford S. Holling, 38, was once immersed in rather abstract research at the University of British Columbia—mathematical models of the relationships between predators and their prey. "Three years ago, I got stark terrified at what was going on in the world and gave it up." Now he heads the university's interdepartmental studies of land and water use, which involve agriculture, economics, forestry, geography and regional planning. "What got me started on this," says Holling, "was the profound and striking similarities between ecological systems and the activities of man: between predators and land speculators; between animal-population growth and economic growth; between plant dispersal and the diffusion of people, ideas and money."

► Eugene P. Odum, 55, of the University of Georgia, is a specialist on estuarine marshes and author of the standard college textbook, *Fundamentals of Ecology*. "We have got to stop thinking of ourselves as being in the growth stage of civilization and realize that we are in the mature stage," says Odum. "Up to now we have been a consumptive, destructive civilization. We must now learn to recycle and reuse." Under his direction, the University of Georgia's Institute of Ecology is studying how tide-water marshes help to produce 90% of the country's seafood—and how to save the marshes from unthinking land developers. Odum is working with a young Georgia legislator to protect his state's coastal wetlands from such destruction, and is particularly interested in seeing ecology taught to students of other

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disciplines such as law and sociology.

► Barry Commoner, 52, chairman of the botany department at Washington University in St. Louis, is a prolific lecturer and writer (*Science and Survival*) who brings an ecologist's insight and a polemicist's passion to the dangers of environmental pollution. "The new technological man," says Commoner, "carries strontium 90 in his bones, iodine 131 in his thyroid, DDT in his fat and asbestos in his lungs. There is now simply not enough air, water and soil on earth to absorb man-made poisons without effect. If we continue in our reckless way, this planet before long will become an unsuitable place for human habitation." At Washington University, Commoner now heads the first of a series of environmental health institutes being established at major campuses by the U.S. Public Health Service. He envisions sweeping changes in the near future. Among them: the outlawing of automobiles with fume-belching internal-combustion engines, and the elimination of certain chemical fertilizers, which will make farming less efficient and less profitable but also less dangerous to the environment. "The important thing," he says, "is for the public to sense the seriousness of the issues. When they do, the right legislation will be passed."

The Old Spirit. Not every ecologist is as active as Commoner. Some are ill-equipped to influence political decisions in the right directions. Some risk making ecology more of a passing fad than a permanent force in U.S. life. Nevertheless, Americans can expect to hear many more expert warnings about the damage they are doing to their environment. Vice Admiral Hyman G. Rickover has described ecology as "the key science for correctly assessing the negative aspects of technology." And the new Jeremiahs are right in the spirit of the old: "I brought you into a plentiful country, to eat the fruit thereof and the goodness thereof; but when ye entered, ye defiled my land, and made mine heritage an abomination."

THE CITIES

Rats' Alley

*I think we are in rats' alley
Where the dead men lost their
bones.*

—T. S. Eliot, *The Waste Land*

Texarkana (pop. 60,000) is a Texas farm town that sprawls across the Arkansas border and serves assorted crooks as a distribution center for stolen cars and appliances. Now the city boasts a new source of notoriety: 17 of Texarkana's 24 sq. mi., including some of the better sections, are infested with sleek, fat rats. According to U.S. Interior Department investigators, the town harbors about 900,000 of the rodents—30 times the national average of one rat per two citizens.

By gnawing holes in buildings and

contaminating food, Texarkana's rats cause about \$3 million of damage a year. With their eleven internal parasites and 18 kinds of fleas, they expose people to rat-bite fever, murine typhus, bubonic plague and other diseases. Yet the city's residents have become appallingly adapted to the rats. As one retired Negro farmer casually puts it: "They play like ants behind my house."

Many of the people of Texarkana are technologically unemployed farmhands who have no conception of sanitation. They persist in tossing their garbage out the back door without remembering that rats, not hogs, are there to eat it. Worse, the city did not collect trash until last week and is still unable to enforce its rudimentary sanitation laws; much of the population cannot af-



BACKYARD IN TEXARKANA
Appalling adaptation.

ford even minimal fines. As a result, vacant lots have sprouted moldering mountains of rubber tires, empty cans, cardboard boxes and putrefying scraps of food. The rats love it.

No Pied Piper. Part of the problem is political. Because the city straddles the state line, it has separate mayors in Texas and Arkansas, two district city councils and health departments. To fight rats effectively, both city governments obviously have to cooperate. But the Texas side of town has budgeted only \$4,000 for rat control while Arkansas begrudges \$1,500. Says Doyle Purifoy, in charge of the Arkansas program: "We've got the rats on the run." Presumably to Texas.

"People here just don't give a damn," sighs W. T. Westbrook, sanitation director of Bowie County (Texas). He cares, but is clearly no Pied Piper. When he arrived on the fetid scene two years ago, he personally showed community leaders the victim, started keeping count of rat-bite deaths and battled city hall

for revisions in the sanitation code. All in vain. So he organized his own two-man rat patrol.

Every morning at 8, the patrol sallies forth in an old black hearse to kill rats with fluoroacetamide poison, calcium cyanide and .22 pistols. "It's an impossible job," says Westbrook. "The gestation period for rats is 21 days. A healthy female has a litter of twelve every four weeks. We have to kill constantly just to keep pace." The real solution lies in cleaning up the city and training residents to make their homes unfit for vermin. Westbrook is not optimistic. "Even if we had strict sanitation laws, it's doubtful that people would obey them," he says. "People around here are not accustomed to obeying laws."

WATER

Shock at Sea

When the Norwegian author-explorer Thor Heyerdahl sailed across half the Pacific on a balsawood raft 22 years ago, he recalls, "We on *Kon Tiki* were thrilled by the beauty and purity of the ocean." During his recent attempt to sail from Africa to Central America in a boat made of papyrus reeds, which he was forced to abandon last month 600 miles from his goal, Heyerdahl's old thrill was replaced by shock. In Manhattan last week, he reported to the Norwegian Mission at the United Nations: "Large surface areas in mid-ocean as well as nearer the continental shores on both sides were visibly polluted by human activity."

Heyerdahl and his six-man crew were astonished and depressed by the quantity of jetsam bobbing hundreds of miles from land. Almost every day, plastic bottles, squeeze tubes and other signs of industrial civilization floated by the expedition's leaky boat. What most appalled Heyerdahl were sheets of "pelagic particles." At first he assumed that his craft was in the wake of an oil tanker that had just cleaned its tanks. But on five occasions he ran into the same substances covering the water so thickly, he told Time Researcher Nancy Williams, that "it was unpleasant to dip our toothbrushes into the sea. Once the water was too dirty to wash our dishes in."

The particles, some of which Heyerdahl collected for later analysis, are roughly the size of a pea. Oily and sometimes encrusted with tiny barnacles, they smell like a combination of putrefying fish and raw sewage. Heyerdahl hopes that his experience will stir the U.N. to propose new international regulations to keep the oceans clean. "Modern man seems to believe that he can get everything he needs from the corner drugstore," says the explorer. "He doesn't understand that everything has a source in the land or sea, and that he must respect those sources. If the indiscriminate pollution continues, we will be sawing off the branch we are sitting on."

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SCIENCE

SPACE

Terrestrial Troubles

The Apollo 11 moon mission, which functioned so perfectly in space, ran into a number of irritating terrestrial troubles last week. Since the three Apollo astronauts entered Houston's \$15.8 million Lunar Receiving Lab (LRL) nearly three weeks ago, ten contamination alarms have kept the place in turmoil.

Most of the alarms proved false, but last week a leak in the biological-analysis area exposed four technicians—including a pretty brunette veterinarian-pathologist named Heather Owens, 23—to lunar dust. Just in time for Astronaut Neil Armstrong's 39th-birthday party, all four were ordered into quarantine. Their arrival brought the roll of uninvited guests to six and the total in the cramped quarantine quarters to 23. Happily for the crowded inmates, the astronauts are scheduled to emerge this week for ticker-tape parades in New York City and Chicago and a presidential "astrofete" in Los Angeles.

Growing Feud. More serious than the technical snafus, though, was a growing feud between NASA's engineers and scientists. Ever since President Kennedy committed NASA to a lunar landing, it has been ruled by a hierarchy of engineers and technicians. Now the agency's scientists are demanding a bigger role in managing current programs and setting future space objectives. Among other things, the scientists are calling for 1) greater emphasis on lunar experiments and rock gathering, 2) a longer interval between missions to give them time to evaluate the results, 3) ex-

peditions into more rugged and presumably more scientifically interesting lunar terrain, and 4) serious plans for a lunar base.

The engineers, on the other hand, put priority on proving out their machines and accumulating operational experience. Christopher Columbus Kraft, Director of Flight Operations, explains that many NASA officials consider landings in deep craters or on rocky highlands far too risky. "We can't commit ourselves to an area where you have to make a pinpoint landing," says Kraft, recalling *Eagle's* narrow brush with a boulder-strewn crater, "when there's still only a fifty-fifty chance of success."

So far, the engineers are winning the argument. LRL Curator Elbert King and Don Wise, deputy director of the Office of Lunar Exploration, recently announced their resignations. Dr. Wilmot Hess, a physicist, joined them by unexpectedly stepping down as head of the Manned Spacecraft Center's science and applications branch. Even the scientist-astronauts recruited by NASA are becoming disenchanted. Annoyed by the space agency's obvious preference for pilots as Apollo crewmen, Dr. F. Curtis Michel, 35, a physicist, last week became the fourth scientist-astronaut to quit in recent months.

Rare Gases. About one thing, U.S. space scientists have no complaint: Apollo 11 provided them with a wealth of data and lunar material. Last week, as they completed no fewer than 152 preliminary tests on 55 lbs. of lunar rocks and dust, they made several more interesting discoveries. Geochemist Oliver Schaeffer, seeking to determine what gases are expelled from the sun as solar wind, heated a pinch of moon dust to 3,000° F. Analyzing the escaping gases, he found that the lunar surface had absorbed considerable helium and hydrogen from the sun. But he also noted surprisingly large amounts of such rare gases as argon, neon, krypton and xenon, which suggested that the moon may prove a promising solar observatory. At California's Lick Observatory, astronomers were finally able to get a reading on the distance between earth and moon. Using the reflector left behind by the astronauts, the Lick astronomers calculated that their distance from Tranquility Base at the time was precisely 227,000.42 miles.

What the scientists were unable to detect conclusively was any sign of life. One chemist placed samples of lunar dust and rock chips under a 300,000-power microscope and found no evidence of lunar organisms, either living or fossilized. Another chemist did detect a trace of carbon, an element essential to life. But it was mainly volatile hydrocarbons that are familiar ingredients of lubricating oil; they might well have come from tools, or from the cabinets in which the samples had been placed.



MARINER 7 CLOSEUP OF SOUTHERN POLAR CAP
Tantalizing hints of life.

Mars Revisited

At first, the data sent back to earth by two Mariner spacecraft more than 60 million miles away seemed to offer as little hope as the lunar rocks that life would be found elsewhere in the solar system. Flying past the planet Mars, the small, instrument-packed spacecraft detected no evidence of nitrogen, an indispensable ingredient of life on earth. Probing the upper reaches of the Martian atmosphere, they failed to find anything like the ozone shield that protects the earth's surface from the sun's deadly rain of ultraviolet radiation. Even their stunning close-up photographs from only 2,200 miles above the red planet seemed to indicate that Mars is a cold, cratered globe, altogether inhospitable to life as man knows it.

Or is it? At week's end the infrared spectrometer on board Mariner 7, the second of the two vehicles that flew past Mars, detected two gases—ammonia and methane—that could indicate the presence of primitive life. Both are produced on earth by biological decay. George C. Pimentel, a University of California chemist, said that he was unable to determine the amount of ammonia in the Martian atmosphere, but he estimated the concentration of methane as "no more than a few parts per million." In the earth's atmosphere, the amount is about 1.5 p.p.m.—and added rather jovially among the terrestrial sources of methane are marsh gas and bovine flatulence, both of which result from the gradual deterioration of vegetable matter.

Biological Origin. Pimentel conceded that the gases he detected might have been produced on Mars by such non-biological processes as "outgassing" from Mars' interior. But, he added, "One cannot restrain the speculation that the gases might be of biological origin." If that is the case, he theorized, they may have been produced by organisms that found shelter in a relatively hospitable



ARMSTRONG MARKS BIRTHDAY IN LRL
And outside, a fight over the slices.

(-94°F.) region near the edge of Mars' southern polar cap, where Mariner 7 concentrated its cameras and instruments. There, he said, they might have drawn water from the polar ice and protection from the sun's ultraviolet radiation under a cloud of carbon-dioxide particles.

Other scientists at Pasadena's Jet Propulsion Laboratory (JPL) hotly dispute the idea that the polar caps are largely frozen water. Most investigators are now convinced that they are mostly frozen carbon dioxide, otherwise known as dry ice. Mariner 7 helped their argument. Its infra-red radiometer measured the temperature of the area at -253°F., or roughly the frost point of carbon dioxide on Mars.

Even so, scientists are not quite ready to dismiss the possibility of life there altogether. Investigators think that microbes or other primitive forms of life may yet be discovered on Mars. In a number of studies, biologists have already shown that algae, plant seeds and even beetles can survive temperatures similar to those found on the red planet. "Considering the extreme conditions that organisms tolerate here on earth," adds the University of Hawaii's Sanford Siegel, a physiologist whose studies on low-temperature life have been supported by NASA, "I would be very surprised indeed if we didn't find life on other planets."

Puzzling Erosion. In all, Mariner 7 radioed back 126 pictures, compared with 74 by Mariner 6, before speeding behind Mars en route to an orbit around the sun. The pictures have all but ended the old controversy about the so-called Martian canals. The "canals" are not distinct linear features laid out by intelligent beings, as some scientists once believed, but apparently rough, uneven patches that lose their geometric-looking form on closer examination. Far from being the outpost of an advanced civilization, Mars more and more seems to be something of a primordial version of the earth, as it might have been billions of years ago. Says Caltech Geologist Robert Sharp: "We are looking at what could be baby pictures of the earth."

Clearly, the two highly successful Mariner fly-bys have whetted the appetites of space officials for further planetary exploration. NASA Administrator Thomas Paine last week urged the U.S. to send two nuclear-powered spaceships, one to serve as a rescue vehicle, on a two-year trip to Mars by the 1980s. Many scientists, noting that such a project would cost perhaps \$60 billion, prefer less expensive unmanned probes beyond Mars. Last week 23 space scientists strongly urged "grand tours" of the outer planets in the mid-1970s. At that time, Jupiter, Saturn, Neptune, Uranus and Pluto will be so aligned that a spacecraft could sweep past at least three of them in a single, multibillion-mile journey. This rare planetary configuration, the panel noted, will not occur again for another 179 years.

MEDICINE

MEDICAID

Modest Fees, Large Returns

When U.S. Senate investigators looked into the costs of Medicaid for the poor, they discovered payments to individual doctors running into five or six figures for a single year. Michigan's Medicaid program had paid \$169,000 to Dr. Sanford Polansky, of Benton Harbor, for 1968. His case, along with the names of 80 other physicians who had collected more than \$25,000 each, were in the records of Michigan Blue Shield, which serves as Medicaid's fiscal agent in the state.

Blue Shield published the informa-

office is above a clothing store on West Main Street. Working with him are three full-time assistants.

As Polansky tells it—and local residents generally agree—he has become known as virtually the only doctor willing to treat the poor, especially Negroes. "Even before this Medicaid," said one patient, "Dr. Polansky would treat you even if you didn't have the money." Polansky has had to keep his office open seven days a week, and to work twelve-hour days except on Tuesdays and Saturdays, when he let himself off after nine hours. As for his charges, Blue Shield itself notes that they "are not only moderate, but are

below average in many significant cases." One example: he charges only \$90 for delivering a baby.

If Polansky saw patients 300 or more days a year, his daily gross averaged about \$540. In a day, he could see 54 patients at an average fee of \$10, and give each of them twelve to 15 minutes—which is just about what most patients get from most doctors.

Close Look. The Senate investigators who looked into Medicaid also drew attention to some huge payments under Medicare, the federal program for Americans over 65. In Houston, Dr. Michael E. DeBakey's surgery team collected \$202,959, and Dr. Denton A. Cooley's, \$193,124. Here again the fees do not appear exorbitant. In all, 1,050



"SAY MEDICARE"

operations were performed, with 50 or more surgeons taking part. Complicated open-heart techniques, including the implantation of artificial heart valves and pacemakers, were involved. Even so, the average cost to Medicare for each operation was roughly \$380—a modest figure. All the money, said DeBakey, went to Baylor College of Medicine, which pays the surgeons' salaries.

THE PROFESSION

How Doctors Choose a Doctor

It stands to reason that a doctor should show greater expertise than the average man in picking a doctor for himself. Not so, says Sociologist Herbert Bynder of the University of Colorado. Doctors like to think that they choose their own physicians on the basis of qualifications and competence, but in most cases they are deceiving themselves.

As Bynder sees it, the chief factor involved when a doctor picks his own doctor is his inability to give up his superior role. "Doctors don't want to be dependent," he says. "They can't stand the thought of losing rank and of being subordinate, even to another phy-

Aiding the Poor. The Senate Finance Committee investigators did not allege overcharging by Polansky—but in drawing attention to his unusually large payments, they seemed to be implying that the doctor was bilking the Government. Actually, Polansky, no Cadillac-and-country-club doctor, has practiced for 21 years in the grubby Lake Michigan port of Benton Harbor. His dilapidated

sician. All their training and background in medicine are against it. Their role in practicing medicine is always that of a superior, an authoritarian who gives the orders."

For a run-of-the-mine illness, even if it includes hospitalization, the physician tries hard to retain that role. By choosing someone his own age, to whom he has referred patients and who in turn has referred patients to him, he achieves a cozy sense of equality. If he knows the other physician socially, so much the better. If he has to be hospitalized, he shuns strange institutions where he would be just another patient and addressed as "Mr." rather than "Dr." He tries hard to obtain admission to his own hospital.

Talking Down. Among Bynder's criteria for rating the doctors chosen by other doctors are: 1) whether they have university appointments and if so, what rank, 2) their standing in professional societies, and 3) whether they are board-certified specialists. According to these standards, doctors choose a topnotch doctor in only 33% of the cases involving a minor illness. With a more serious illness, they are more likely to seek the most expert care. But Bynder found it "particularly striking" that even in such instances, they buy the best in only 55% of the cases.

With all this savvy, Bynder should be an expert in picking a doctor. He sorrowfully admits that when he applied his own rules—selecting a doctor by his educational and training qualifications—it turned out badly on his first two tries. He felt that both doctors talked down to him, when they condescended to talk at all, and treated him impersonally. After Bynder moved to Colorado, he got his doctor the way most people do—by asking a neighbor for a recommendation. This doctor is roughly 15 years older than Bynder, whereas the first two were close to his own age—and therefore might have been trying to maintain their authority by keeping their distance. Most important, says Bynder, his present Colorado doctor "takes the time and effort to explain things to me. He doesn't talk down to me. So I have confidence in him."

CORONERS

Examining the Examiner

The locale for the story was certainly a plausible one: Los Angeles, that well-known suburb of Hollywood. The leading character was Thomas T. Noguchi, 42, who graduated in 1951 from Nippon Medical School in Tokyo, migrated to California, and was licensed to practice there in 1955. For seven years he worked as an assistant to the Los Angeles county coroner, and in late 1967 was named coroner himself. Six months later, he performed the autopsy on Senator Robert F. Kennedy.

Last spring, wild charges began to fly, so wild that Noguchi was summarily suspended from duty by the coun-

ty's board of supervisors. When the Civil Service Commission, sitting as a three-man trial board, took up the case, however, some of the charges were dropped, or were considerably watered down. Before the board of supervisors, for example, Lindon S. Hollinger, the county's chief administrative officer, and Counsel Martin Weekes alleged that Noguchi had said: "I hope Kennedy will die so I'll get to do the autopsy on him and a chance to make a reputation." In sworn testimony before the trial board, that quote became: "It seems Senator Kennedy is going to die. I'll be doing the autopsy." The charge had been made that Noguchi was glassy-eyed and "disassociated" during the Kennedy autopsy.



NOGUCHI AT HEARING
A little too literally.

The trial board found that Noguchi had performed a "superior autopsy."

Several other sensational allegations were dropped. One was that Noguchi commonly ran around his office brandishing his favorite surgical knife and shouting "I'll kill him! I'll kill him!" about anyone with whom he happened to be angry. Another was that he had prayed that "a 727, loaded to capacity, would crash into International Hotel" so that he could be seen by the press, silhouetted against the flames.

J.U.S.T. Ads. Underlying the case, according to Noguchi's lawyer, was a personality clash between Hollinger and the coroner. Evidently, most of the allegations resulted from the fact that employees took Noguchi's graveyard humor seriously. The commission paid little heed to the charges because of the lack of supporting evidence.

Noguchi's supporters formed J.U.S.T. (Japanese United in Search for Truth), which took full-page ads in the Los Angeles papers to proclaim: "If this can happen to one of us, it can happen to one of you."

After six weeks of hearings, 600,000 words of testimony and a month's deliberation, the Civil Service Commission unanimously held that the county officials had not proved their case. Noguchi was completely exonerated and ordered reinstated immediately with full back pay (totaling \$12,960 at the rate of \$31,000 a year).

Last week, reinstated in the coroner's office, Noguchi ran into a personnel problem. One deputy medical examiner resigned; eleven other employees (out of a staff of 110) applied for transfers to other county agencies. Among them: the physician who had been acting coroner, two top administrative assistants, and Noguchi's own secretary.

DRUGS

Fallout from Thalidomide

David's mother was taking a tranquilizer during her pregnancy nine years ago. So was Richard's mother, a year later. For both, the drug was prescribed under its British trade name, Distaval, one of the innumerable synonyms for thalidomide.* By whatever name, thalidomide had tragic effects on thousands of the unborn. David was born with neither arms nor legs. Richard has legs but no arms and only a single digit projecting from his right shoulder.

In London two weeks ago, a high-court trial ended with a landmark settlement against the Distillers Co., which made Distaval under license from its West German originators. It awarded David \$49,920 and Richard \$30,720. (At the request of Mr. Justice Hinchcliffe, the family surnames were not published.) Hinchcliffe explained that he had tried the cases together because David represented the most serious bracket of deformities and Richard the middle range.

Considering the care required by the children, the settlements were hardly generous. Richard can walk, run and climb stairs. He can write well with his foot—but not with his artificial right hand. He cannot wash or dress himself, go to the toilet alone or brush his hair. Although he is in school and has an IQ of 124, it is doubtful that he can go on to a university. David is immobile, except for rocking movements, and probably will be unemployable all his life.

Hinchcliffe said he hoped that the outcome of the two cases would lead quickly to settlements in other suits involving about 60 British children, whose parents desperately need money to pay for extraordinary care. Countless families are in similar straits in West Germany, which has more than 2,500 thalidomide-deformed children. Last week the marathon trial involving executives of Chemie Grünenthal GMBH, developers of thalidomide, droned through its 150th day. It is expected to drag on through next spring.

* In Germany it was named Contergan. If it had been licensed in the U.S. it would have been Kevaldon, as it was in Canada.

AESTHETICS

Knossos in the Catskills

The first maze was the human body. To primitive man, a victim's convoluted intestines were proof that the labyrinth form contained life. Through history, the maze evolved into a means of fortification, an obstacle course designed to protect the castle within by trapping enemies seeking entrance. Modern man reduced the notion to a geometric style of gardening, an intricate network of hedged alleys that can lead a visitor to an open space in the middle—if he makes all the correct turns. Still, mythology lent the maze heroic proportions: it took a Theseus to tackle the labyrinth at Knossos, kill the Minotaur within and return from the depths.

In many ways, Armand G. Erpf is a contemporary man of myth and a contemporary hero. An investment banker (he is a senior partner in Loeb, Rhoades & Co.) and a multimillionaire at 71, Erpf is regarded as one of Wall Street's most secretive and successful adventurers, risking hundreds of thousands of dollars in quixotic, unpredictable enterprises, among them *New York* magazine. There is a \$500,000 chair endowed in his honor at Columbia University, and another—of the wooden, folding variety—bearing his name at New York's Theater for Ideas, an intellectual audience-participation forum, of which he was a founding member. Four years ago, he married a woman less than half his age; he is now the enthusiastic father of a three-year-old daughter and a one-year-old son.

About the same time he married, Erpf decided that he had to have a maze on

his 500-acre property in the Catskills. And not just a collection of decorative hedging either. He called Michael Ayrton, a maze-mad English sculptor, architect and author of *The Maze Maker*, a fictional autobiography of Daedalus. "I just read your book," said Erpf. "I want one of those." Today, thanks to Ayrton, Armand Erpf has "one of those."

It is the largest maze in the world and, according to Ayrton, "the only one of stone since the 4th or 5th century B.C." The Erpf maze contains 1,680 feet of passageway, with brick walls running from six to eight feet in height. Ayrton considers the work "environmental sculpture." Erpf considers it "an esthetic experience, a symbol in a world so caught up with scientific rationalism it doesn't know where it's going. You can't get to the center of a maze by going straight for it. You have to be indirect. The way to attain something is to go away from it. The maze is a spiritual truth."

Except for landscaping (Erpf envisions a backdrop of "melancholy trees"), the structure is now virtually complete. Erpf's three-year-old daughter, Cornelia, wanders about the maze and Erpf has made it to the center in five minutes. For the uninitiate, mastering the maze can take half an hour of trial and error. Ayrton has provided no printed explanation or map to the solution. "If a person could walk in and figure it out," he explains, "I would feel I had failed."

* TIME's photographic retouchers have closed off key passageways in the picture below in order to avoid spoiling Erpf's fun by giving away the maze's secrets.



AYRTON'S MAZE

To the heart of the matter, indirectly.



BANKER ERPF

Cloggy Days

They look like matching gravy boats and sound like Majestic Prince on the stable floor. Thumbscrews would seem more comfortable to wear. Still, such is the rage for wooden shoes these days that no one cares.

Clogs, in one form or another, have been kicking around for centuries. The Swedes took to them long ago, to such an extent that they are known as "Swedish sneakers" even in Sweden. Only recently, however, has the shoe caught on in America. When Ulla Olsenius, now 30, came to the U.S. six years ago as the exclusive importer



of clogs for two Swedish factories, she found business less than slow. "All the buyers were very nice," she remembers, "but they just shook their heads."

Lacking warehouses and trucks, Ulla went down to the Manhattan piers, personally supervised the unloading of the clogs and sold them (from \$9.50 to \$14 a pair) at her tiny shop, Olof-daughters, in Greenwich Village. She wrote orders for only 5,000 pairs the first year; today, she has contracts with eight Swedish factories and sells some 23,000 pairs of clogs a month.

Breaking-In Period. Clog devotees have also taken to the U.S.—made Dr. Scholl's exercise sandal, a wooden-soled scuff with the added attraction of a raised ridge at toe level, which is designed to slim ankles and strengthen leg muscles. The Scholl sandals tend to pitch the wearer forward, but Cecil Beaton does not care. Neither do Schollshod Jackie Onassis, Jean Shrimpton and all of England's Royal Ballet Company. Greta Garbo clomps around side-walks in Swedish clogs; so do Dustin Hoffman and the trapeze troupe from Ringling Bros. circus.

Both styles require a breaking-in period, like contact lenses, before the wearer can work up to full-time use. Even the most dedicated clog-hoppers admit that the shoes are duds going up or downhill. Esthetically, the clogs rank somewhere between unattractive and downright ugly. But mere ugliness has not stopped fashion trends in the past, and anyway, clogs are unbeatable for the beach or for wearing in and around water. They also solve one of the livelier problems of urban living. Says Mrs. Elliott Erwitte, wife of a Manhattan photographer: "Cockroaches haven't got a chance. And you barely hear the crunch."

Meet the man who makes an honest bourbon— but with manners.

Bourbon came out of the hill country.
Honest but unmannered.
How to make an aristocrat
out of his first bourbon was a
challenge to I.W. Harper.
He started by keeping
the true honest taste
of bourbon but polish-
ing off the rough
edges. Which explains
why Mr. Harper's
whiskey is known
as honest
bourbon — but
with manners.



And which explains,
too, why winning medals all
over the world got to be a
habit with I.W. Harper.



One of the medals won since
1872 for being honest bourbon—
but with manners.





American industry can no longer be an asylum for illiterates.

Over 8,000,000 American workers have the reading, writing and counting ability of a 4th Grader, or less.

In other words, 10% of our labor force is functionally illiterate.

Until recently, there was a place for the illiterate in industry. But now, technology is threatening to evict them, if possible.

The problem is, they can't be retrained. Because they can't read the most elementary instructions.

And this is what we're dealing with at Olin.

Together with the Board of Fundamental Education, we instituted a literacy program—and then a High School program—in three of our plants, using company space and funds.

Despite initial obstacles (principally older men who didn't want to admit they were illiterate), we graduated our first classes several years ago.

And so far, the results have been so promising that we've broadened the program to include

several of our other plants as well.

Nearly 200 workers have completed the course. And, in two of the programs, nearly 100 attained their High School diplomas, with a few going on to college.

In just about every case their work efficiency improved dramatically.

But more important was a complete shift in morale. Because these were men who had given up every hope of advancement, proving that they *could* advance.

And these were men capable of growing with our company.

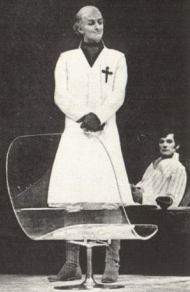
We're not the only corporation to start this program, of course, but we're still one of a small minority—too small to educate the millions who will soon have no place in our technological society.

It's time for every company to start recognizing the problem. And solving it.

There's no growth potential in ignorance.

Olin

THEATER



SCENE FROM "METHUSELAH"
Summa unequal to its parts.

THE LONDON STAGE

Metaphysical Tinker Bell

"Somebody," George Bernard Shaw once said, "must take the Garden of Eden in hand and weed it properly." Obviously, the man that Shaw had in mind for the job was himself. In *Back to Methuselah*, his five-play cycle completed in 1921, he tried to settle once and for all the meaning of creation according to the Shavian doctrine of creative evolution. Written when he was 65 and for once heedless of commercial practicalities, the drama is frankly in-

DOUGLAS H. JEFFERY



KAY MADE UP AS SHAW
Maxims with melody.

tended as his philosophical *summa*. Unfortunately, as a new London production by Britain's National Theater makes clear, it is a *summa* that is not quite the equal of its parts.

In Shaw's conception, Adam and Eve are unable to bear "the terrible burden of immortality." They opt instead for a mortal span of 1,000 years, and their fallen heirs settle for progressively less. At last, in the 20th century, man realizes that his days have grown far too short. He is only a vessel of the life force that is evolving along "the path to godhead," and if civilization is to advance or even survive, he must learn to live to a riper, wiser age. Over the next 300 centuries, he begins working his way back to Adam's 1,000 years, or at least to Methuselah's 969.

The full version of this "metabological pentateuch," as Shaw called it, had been staged only four times in five decades. Thus the National Theater production, directed by Clifford Williams with Donald MacKechnie, is by definition a major event, and may be pardoned for exuding some of the earnestness of being important.

Tuned to Pitch. Running for six hours over two evenings, *Methuselah* takes on life and force most often in its acting. Paul Curran and Harry Lomax gleefully caricature Lloyd George and Herbert Asquith as, respectively, fatuous and feckless. Charles Kay, made up to resemble Shaw, touchingly yet comically portrays one of the last of the 31st century's "short-livers"; Philip Locke and Jeanne Watts lend a glint of intellectual ecstasy to the bald, sexless ancients of the future. In such performances, the strands of Shaw's sometimes garrulous argument are tuned to a fine pitch, so that only a few maxims thump through ungraced by melody.

The sci-fi staging—revolving globes, electronic music, atoms whirling on projection screens—deftly captures the sweep and playfulness of Shaw's vision in the early parts. As the play draws on, however, the production stretches a bit thin. By the time the curtain rises on the dancing children of the 320th century, in Part 5, it appears that evolution has led to a Swedish gym class in a grove of neon tubes.

To be fair, this is where Shaw's inspiration thins out too. In a final peroration, Lilith—lyrically evoked by Joan Plowright—broods on the results of human history and concludes: "It is enough that there is a beyond." It may be enough for Lilith, but it is not for the play. The ascetic longevity of the ancients is, of course, Shaw's metaphor for a nobler human development. But for this metaphor to be effective, the audience must will it into life, like a sort of metaphysical Tinker Bell. Faced with an imagined future where imperfect infants are put to death, where sex is outgrown at the age of four and where life's true realm is pure, icy mind, most playgoers simply will not aspire to it. Not in a thousand years.

Shaw as Methuselah

Man need not always live by bread alone. There is something else. We do not yet know what it is; but some day we shall find out; and then we will live on that alone; and there shall be no more digging nor spinning, nor fighting nor killing.

That notion about the Church being unprogressive is one of those shibboleths that our party must drop. The Church is all right essentially. Get rid of the establishment; get rid of the bishops; get rid of the candlesticks; get rid of the 39 articles; and the Church of England is just as good as any other Church.

Can't you see that three-score-and-ten, though it may be long enough for a very crude sort of village life, isn't long enough for a complicated civilization like ours? Flinders Petrie has counted nine attempts at civilization made by people exactly like us; and every one of them failed just as ours is failing. They failed because the citizens and statesmen died of old age or over-eating before they had grown out of schoolboy games and savage sports and cigars and champagne. The signs of the end are always the same: Democracy, Socialism, and Votes for Women.

It's only the politicians who improve the world so gradually that nobody can see the improvement. The notion that Nature does not proceed by jumps is only one of the budget of plausible lies that we call classical education. Nature always proceeds by jumps. She may spend twenty thousand years making up her mind to jump; but when she makes it up at last, the jump is big enough to take us into a new age.

I maintain that it is dangerous to show too much to people who do not know what they are looking at. I think that a man who is sane as long as he looks at the world through his own eyes is very likely to become a dangerous madman if he takes to looking at the world through telescopes and microscopes.

Art is the magic mirror you make to reflect your invisible dreams in visible pictures. You use a glass mirror to see your face: you use works of art to see your soul. But we who are older use neither glass mirrors nor works of art. We have a direct sense of life. When you gain this you will put aside your mirrors and statues, your toys and your dolls.

The body always ends by being a bore. Nothing remains beautiful and interesting except thought, because the thought is the life.

We've formed a strong attachment for instant housing.

This handsome 10-unit apartment building was erected in just 10 days.

It's a new concept in housing, the first of 1500 urban renewal units planned in the Akron, Ohio, area.

These units go up fast because they're built at assembly-line speed and delivered to the site in complete modules.

Another innovation is in construction. The floors, inside walls and siding are bonded with an adhesive.

But not with an ordinary adhesive. The builder is using a super-strength adhesive developed by B.F. Goodrich, an adhesive so strong it actually adds strength to the structure.

The idea for this new adhesive came from one we put on the market several years ago. But where it was only good for interior paneling, our new compound works both indoors and outdoors and is compatible with all kinds of building materials.

Of course, B.F. Goodrich adhesives do more than cut building costs. Over the years, we've come up with more than 200 different kinds for use in jet planes, helicopter blades, curtain walls, car brakes and scores of other things.

There's no telling what we'll latch onto next. Once we get involved in something, we stick with it.

B.F. Goodrich

**We've got
stick-to-itiveness.**



ART

MUSEUMS

Monument for a Humanist

There is no more celebrated living artist in Italy than Giacomo Manzù. At 60, he is renowned throughout Europe for his stately cardinals, his great bronze doors of St. Peter's in Rome, and his role as friend, confidant and portraitist of Pope John XXIII. It was altogether fitting, then, that this summer Manzù should become the only living Italian artist to have a museum dedicated to his work alone.

A severe stucco structure, the museum is set in a gracious garden of lawns, rosebushes, palms and pines at Ardea, 25 miles south of Rome. It houses 67 bronze sculptures, 271 drawings,

lustly compositions of embracing lovers in the spirit of Boccaccio, sensuous studies of Inge in the nude, and a 1967 bust of her that has the graceful serenity of a Donatello Madonna.

PAINTING

Portraiture with a Scalpel

"I never knew but one artist who could resist the temptation to see things as they ought to be, rather than as they are, and that's Tom Eakins." Walt Whitman was one of the few people who had anything good to say about the cold-eyed and ruthlessly honest Philadelphia realist. Aside from the poet, whom Eakins portrayed in 1888 as a twinkling old sage, few people could stand hav-

ing of Art, where they are supplemented by loans from the Jefferson Medical College and the museum's own large Eakins collection. The series remarkably underscores the rock-bottom honesty that Whitman had observed. Eakins plainly was not inhibited, even by men of the cloth, in his relentless pursuit of pictorial truth. Though his portrayals are sympathetic, he uncovered strain, doubt, fear, pettiness and self-pity—qualities that belied the traditional view of the priesthood as a calling above and apart from everyday frustrations.

Eakins came to his insight the hard way—through his own dashed hopes and disillusionments. His distinguished teaching career at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts had ended abruptly when he insisted on the need for students to draw from nude models. His great medical pictures, *The Agnew Clinic* and *The Gross Clinic*—which would serve as touchstones for a later generation of realists—had been greeted with critical jeers. He rarely sold a painting, subsisting on a small private income. The year before he met the cleric, his father had died. Eakins himself was an agnostic, but in the intellectual companionship and quiet monastic atmosphere of the seminary, he found both solace and inspiration. Sundays, he and a young protégé named Samuel Murray would ride their bicycles out to St. Charles, spend the day chatting with the priests.

Mitigating Anguish. "One of the most interesting aspects of the group," Philadelphia Director Evan Turner points out, "is Eakins' approach to the 19th century Catholic personality. There was a great religious crisis at that time. As a man who had stood up to criticism himself, he sympathized with men who followed a similar course." Indeed, the publication of Darwin's theory of evolution and the widespread acceptance of scientific method shook the church to its foundations. The depth of the crisis, as Eakins saw it, can be measured in each man's eyes. Not all of the clerics liked what he saw. The rector of St. Charles, Patrick Garvey, remembered today as a "stern, quarrelsome but good-looking man," concealed his picture under the bed. The most elaborately composed portrait, that of Monsignor Hugh Henry, shows a genuine figure of strength and integrity, yet strangely mocked by a grinning image of Leo XIII in the background. Conversely, an expression of utmost anguish mitigates the authority suggested by the splendid vestments of Monsignor James Loughlin.

It was to the portrait of his friend, Monsignor James Turner, however, that Eakins brought his fullest powers. From the thoughtful, chin-in-hand pose and the bookish sophistication of the pince-nez to the compassion, intelligence and ever-so-subtle weakness spelled in the cleric's features, Eakins crystallized the peculiar humanity of the dedicated priest—and vindicated his own lonely, stubborn loyalty to life.



"BUST OF INGE"



"LOVERS"

A kind of unofficial legacy.

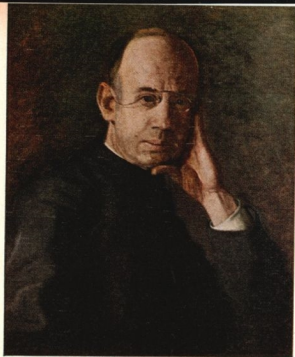
36 engravings and 40 gold figurines and medallions. All were donated by Inge Schabel, Manzù's longtime companion and model, with whom he has lived since 1954 and by whom he has two children, Giulia, 6, and Miletto, 4. Manzù had given the works to her as a kind of unofficial legacy. Otherwise, at his death, they would legally have gone to his wife. The couple have long been separated, but in Catholic Italy they cannot be divorced.

In front of the museum fly 14 flags representing the nationalities of the patrons who contributed funds to build it. Among them are Novelist Alberto Moravia, Philosopher Martin Heidegger and Composer Igor Stravinsky. Film Directors John Huston, Ingmar Bergman and Jean-Luc Godard, Diplomat George Kennan and Heart Surgeon Dr. Christian Barnard. For those who had thought of Manzù as a strictly religious artist, the museum's collection may be a minor revelation. It demonstrates Manzù's uniquely quattrocento humanistic outlook, a faith and joy in life that could comprehend both genuine piety and unabashed lustiness. Besides many casts of the reliefs from the doors of St. Peter's, and other examples of his well-known religious works, there are

ing their character laid bare with the visceral objectivity that Eakins brought to portraiture. He used his brush like a surgeon's scalpel, exposing old wounds, concealed ambitions, ill manners. The commissions he did receive often ended unpleasantly; his studio was littered with rejected portraits. One fashionable lady, dismayed at what was taking shape on canvas, asked if her maid might finish the sittings.

Rock-Bottom Honesty. Society, to be sure, was not Eakins' forte. He admired people of accomplishment, preferred to portray doctors, professors, scientists. In 1900, he became acquainted with several Roman Catholic clergymen at the St. Charles Borromeo Seminary in the Philadelphia suburb of Overbrook, and eagerly seized the opportunity to portray four clerics as well as a prominent Catholic layman. For Eakins, it was a rare chance to examine various personalities within a close-knit group. For this reason, the pictures have long held a special fascination for those who knew of their existence. But in the cloistered halls of the seminary where they hung, few people ever saw them.

This summer, for the first time, the cleric's portraits have been put on public display at the Philadelphia Museum



MONSIGNOR JAMES P. TURNER

EAKINS' CLERICS

MONSIGNOR HUGH THOMAS HENRY



ST. CHARLES BORROMEO SEMINARY, COURTESY PHILADELPHIA MUSEUM OF ART



MONSIGNOR JAMES F. LOUGHLIN



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We don't have to start from scratch each year.

We've been making the same basic VW for so long now, you'd think we'd be bored with the whole thing.

But the fact is, we're still learning.

For no matter how perfect we think one year's model is, there's always an engineer who wants to make it more perfect.

You see, at the Volkswagen factory we spend 100% of our time making our car

work better and 0% making it look better.

Any change is an improvement.

And when we do make new parts we try to make them fit older models. So there's nothing to stop a Volkswagen from running forever.

[Which may explain why Volkswagens are worth so much at trade-in time.]

Starting from scratch each year can

get in the way of all that.

Just when they've ironed out the kinks in the current model, they have to face the kinks in the next.

We'll never understand all the hoopla over the "big changes" for next year's models.

Weren't they proud of this year's?



MUSIC

ROCK 'N' ROLL

Return of the Big Beat

A long-gone folk hero often leaves behind the legend that someday he will return to his people. Barbarossa still sleeps, and the horn of Roland has not sounded again, but Elvis Presley is appearing in the flesh before an audience for the first time in nine years.

He stepped onstage in front of a gold lamé curtain at Las Vegas' new International Hotel, coordinated his pelvic girdle and his phallic guitar, closed his eyes, tossed his head and sent a solar wind of nostalgia over the 2,000 middle-aged record executives, hotel guests and show folk assembled for the opening night. It was like being back in the innocent '50s with *Blue Suede Shoes*, *Love Me Tender*, *Jailhouse Rock*, *Don't Be Cruel*, *Heartbreak Hotel*, *All Shook Up*—and of course, the mangy *Hound Dog* ("cryin' all the time"). But things weren't quite the same. The audience was too grown up to scream and squeal. They clapped instead and called "Bravo!" and "More, more!" And Elvis—with longer sideburns and the grease out of his hair—was gently kidding the old songs and himself. After an especially rabid *Hound Dog* that ended with a split-kick jump, he was so winded that he reached for a glass of water, telling the audience: "You just look at me a couple of minutes while I get my breath back."

Comeback Bid. Presley's backup sound is much fuller now than it used to be, and more electronic; he has a soulful quartet called the Sweet Inspirations, a 35-piece orchestra loud with drums and guitars and a couple of Beatles songs (*Yesterday* and *Hey Jude*) plus Ray Charles' *What'd I Say*. But the newest thing about the new Elvis is social consciousness. Recently released as a single, his version of *In the Ghetto*, a mawkish ditty about big-city slum life, came

close to the top of the pop music charts.

The return of Elvis at 34 is a characteristically careful piece of timing by the canny "Colonel" Tom Parker, his manager since the days when Presley was nothing but a sexy-looking young truck driver with a guitar. For the last 13 years Parker has kept his charge virtually invisible to live audiences—limiting him to records, movies, one TV special and no interviews. Now is the time, the Colonel senses, for the comeback bid. Teen-agers seem to be tiring of bloodless electronic experimentation and intellectualism, and may be ready to discover for themselves the simplistic, hard-driving Big Beat—as the '50s generation discovered it after the cool complexities of bop and progressive jazz.

The Colonel could be right. Radio stations around the country are trying "rockumentary" programs of "oldie but goodie" rock 'n' roll sounds of the '50s. These draw a surprising response from teen-agers as well as the late-twenties and over-thirties at whom they were originally angled.

No Quagmires. Not only that, but many of the new groups are reaching back into the past for their material. Cat Mother and the All Night News Boys' *Good Old Rock 'n' Roll* is on the charts. Creedence Clearwater Revival (TIME, June 27) has recut Screaming Jay Hawkins' *I Put a Spell on You* and Little Richard's *Good Golly Miss Molly*, and Bobby Vinton is redoing *To Know Him Is to Love Him*, Phil Spector's first hit, recorded originally in 1958 by the Teddy Bears.

A new group calling itself Ruben & the Jets (which is really Frank Zappa and the Mothers of Invention) has cut an album which re-creates the sounds of the '50s. Says the album's liner blurb: "This is an album of greasy love songs and cretin simplicity. We made it be-

JEAN MARIE VINCENT—CAMERA 8



ELVIS PRESLEY

Sailing along on solar winds of nostalgia.

cause we really like this kind of music."

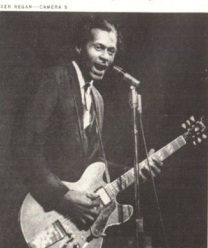
It is hard to believe that popular music will ever stumble back into such poetic quagmires as "Who put the hump in the hump-ba bomp-pa bomp? Who put the ram in the ram-a-lam a-ding-dong?" or the 50-odd repetitions of shad-da-da-da in the song called *Get a Job*. Boston Disk Jockey Steve Seagull thinks that the new interest is a short-time summer thing that has something to do with this primitivism. According to Seagull, "Rock 'n' roll is perfect beach music—like it just says 'pizza stand, convertible and soft summer nights.' It's nice simple music and people sometimes like that. It talks about an age before Viet Nam, race problems, Nixon and our other hang-ups."

Cry for Primitivism. Others, however, see the trend as deeper and longer-lasting. Says Pete Johnson, former rock-music critic for the *Los Angeles Times*: "With *Sgt. Pepper*, records got really artsy-craftsy—more cerebral than gut. You had 15-minute rock symphonies and huge, long, pretentious albums that you had to listen to 20 times to understand. It got so you couldn't tell anything from this mill of sounds made by these esthetes of rock. Then there came a cry for primitivism, and you started hearing rock 'n' roll—a name that had been unfashionable—as opposed to rock, which had the stigma of art music."

Whether the Big Beat is really back, or just filling in the decibels until the next musical mode comes along, many of the stars of 15 years ago are getting into the money again. A few of them:

► **Chuck Berry**, 41, is keeping up a steady working pace—four two-day engagements this month and an English tour in September—performing his famous *Mabellene* and 117 other numbers he wrote.

► **The Everly Brothers**, Don (32) and Phil (30), whose tight harmonies and sharp rhythms in big sellers such as *Wake Up, Little Susie* influenced the early Beatles, seemed to be washed up by 1960. Since January, though, their



CHUCK BERRY



JERRY LEE LEWIS

bookings have picked up handsomely. They have performed at the Newport Folk Festival and the Fillmore West, and will tour Europe next month.

► Fats Domino, 41, who claims to have had 19 gold records (sales of more than a million) in the '50s—most of which he wrote as well as sang—was signed last year by Warner Reprise and assigned to young (27) Richard Perry, who produces Tiny Tim's records.

► Little Richard, 34, who powed them in '55 with his "Wop bop a loo bop ba loo bop bop—Tutti Frutti," is doing it all over again—notably last week in Manhattan's Central Park, where he ended up sharing most of his clothes with his admirers.

► Jerry Lee Lewis, 33, who was riding high in 1957 with *Whole Lot of Shakin' Going On* and *Great Balls of Fire*, was riding low a year later when, on a tour of England, the press discovered that he had married his 13-year-old cousin—fully five months before divorcing his second wife. After that, and some other calamities, he plugged along until about a year and a half ago, when his records caught on big in the Country & Western field. At an appearance last spring at The Scene in Manhattan, where he received a standing ovation, tears were seen welling in his eyes. "I think it was sweat," says Jerry Lee. "But it was a great feeling. They really went wild. Maybe it was tears."

OPERA

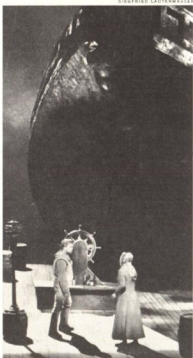
High-Flying Dutchman

For the first time in two decades, outside producers have been making their mark on the Festspielhaus, the Wagner family's private preserve in the 12th century town of Bayreuth. Richard Wagner originally built the opera house in 1876 as a setting in which his music dramas would continue to be produced exactly as he originally directed. Through the years, the composer's family followed his wishes, using the house for productions of Wagnerian operas that adhered slavishly—and sometimes stodgily—to the Master's wishes. After World War II, Grandsons Wolfgang and Wieland broke with tradition by mounting a series of unorthodox interpretations of Wagner's works. But since the imaginative Wieland's death in 1966, the Festspielhaus has lost much of its postwar luster.

This summer, in an attempt to recapture Wieland's spirit of adventure, Wolfgang relaxed the family's autocratic grip on Wagner's monument by allowing Director August Everding and Designer Josef Svoboda to stage *The Flying Dutchman*. Everding, 40, is the director of Munich's Kammerspiele, one of Europe's most highly regarded repertory theaters. Czechoslovak Svoboda, 49, is famed both for his mastery of lighting techniques (he was one of the leading figures of Prague's celebrated *Laterna Magika*) and for startling stage designs (TIME, July 25).

Svoboda's setting, with Everding's di-

rection, went far toward explaining the psychological mystery of Wagner's drama of redemption through love. Everding demanded a "moment of existential fright" at the first appearance of the Dutchman's ship. The vessel loomed darkly out of the water like a giant mollusk, brightened only by the Dutchman's pale face leaning over the bow. It dwarfed everything on the stage and threatened to sail straight out into the audience. Svoboda and Everding even had the audacity to stage the finale the way Wagner wrote it (most producers are afraid it will look corny), with the ship plunging beneath the waves and Senta and the Dutchman walking



NEW LOOK AT BAYREUTH
Looming like a giant mollusk.

out of the sea and into the glowing red sunrise.

Against such scenic showmanship, Veteran Soprano Leonie Rysanek held her own, reaffirming the belief of many critics that she is the world's greatest interpreter of the role. New Zealander Donald McIntyre, who was impressive last year as Barak in Richard Strauss's *Die Frau ohne Schatten* at Covent Garden, used his deep baritone voice as an apocalyptic Dutchman. Alabama-born Tenor Jean Cox, as Erik, successfully followed Everding's instructions to behave as if he were "the only normal human being in the action."

Perhaps the biggest surprise was Silvio Varviso, the Swiss conductor, who has had only modest success during his Metropolitan Opera performances. Jolted into inspiration by Everding's forceful approach, he evoked from Wagner's score its powerful suggestions of the Ring to come.

MILESTONES

Divorced. George Randolph Hearst Jr., 42, publisher of the Los Angeles *Herald-Examiner* and eldest grandson of William Randolph Hearst; by Mary Thompson Hearst, 38, Florida socialite; on grounds of extreme cruelty; after 18 years of marriage, four children; in Santa Monica, Calif.

Died. Russ Morgan, 65, pop-music composer and big-band leader in the 1930s and '40s; of a stroke; in Las Vegas. The son of a Pennsylvania coal miner, Morgan played trombone and piano to earn his ticket out of the pits, in 1935 formed his own orchestra featuring the wah-wah sound of muted trombones and such hits as *So Tired*, and *Somebody Else Is Taking My Place*.

Died. George Preston Marshall, 72, owner of the National Football League's Washington Redskins and one of the game's most successful showmen; of a stroke; in Washington. For a mere \$150 in 1932, Marshall bought the franchise for the floundering Boston Redskins, soon moved the team to Washington, where he gave the fans Slingin' Sammy Baugh at quarterback and dazzling marching bands at halftime. The football was sometimes very good (divisional titles in 1940, '42, '43, '45)—and the show always was—to the extent that Marshall boasted he never had a losing season at the gate.

Died. George W. Strake, 74, pioneering Texas oilman and pillar of the Roman Catholic Church; of a heart attack; in Columbus, Texas. For five years as a wildcatter, Strake drilled dry well after dry well. Then in 1931 he hit oil in Conroe, Texas, in what proved to be the nation's third biggest field. It brought him a fortune estimated at \$100 million, much of which he gave to his church—a beneficence that brought him two of the Vatican's highest honors for a layman—the Order of St. Sylvester and the Order of Malta.

Died. Robert Lehman, 76, investment banker, senior partner of Lehman Brothers and one of Wall Street's most powerful figures; in Sands Point, N.Y. Born to wealth, "Bobby" Lehman might have devoted his life to art collecting and horse breeding, both of which he loved, but his greatest enthusiasm was for high finance—and for 48 years he multiplied his family firm's prestige and fortune. He was one of the first to see the enormous potential of aviation, helped bankroll the beginnings of American, Pan American and Trans World Airlines. He was a friend to retail merchandising when other bankers scoffed, was financial angel to many of today's largest firms. "I bet on people more than balance sheets," Lehman once told Litton Chairman Tex Thornton, who recalls: "I blinked my eyes a couple of times when I heard that."



The film, "The Odds Against," was produced for The American Foundation, Institute of Corrections, by Vision Associates, Inc., New York, N.Y. It received an Academy Award nomination.

How do you persuade a nation not to give up on John Mitchell?

Because of public apathy, the American corrective system has changed very little in the past hundred years. The toll in wasted lives is beyond calculation. Annually, our crime bill hits \$27 billion. With no public pressure to change things, legislatures looked the other way.

Then someone made a movie.

The "someone" was the American Foundation, Institute of Corrections. Their film was shown to correctional authorities and commissions responsible for penal system administration. It was seen by concerned citizens all over the country. It is also in continuous use nationwide for training correctional

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Within a few months, thousands of letters were received by community leaders and by television station managers who had presented the film. Influentials everywhere wanted to be involved constructively.

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To learn more about the power of movies and how little it can cost to have them produced, write for a free copy of our booklet, *Movies Move People*. You'll find this booklet a good guide to your planning. Write:

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Kodak

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We at Hertz have taught every one of our people to know what it's like. So when you come to the counter they would know enough and feel

enough to give you more than a glib smile.

In short, we've taught them to help. In any way they can. And as a company, we've given them the tools to help in many ways they wouldn't normally be able to help.

Of course, we've also given our people a fleet of well-maintained Fords and other good cars to rent to you. So you get a car that doesn't add to your problems.

Keeping all this in mind, you become aware of the basic difference between us and the other rent a car companies. They rent you a car.

We rent you a company.



You don't just rent a car. You rent a company.

SPORT

BASEBALL

Fraternal Twins

Even though they boasted some of baseball's most gifted players, the 1968 Minnesota Twins finished a dismal seventh in the American League. Recalls Catcher John Roseboro: "This was not a happy ball club. The guys couldn't get together with each other or the front office. Someone was always grousing about himself or conditions on the team." Suddenly, it is the other American League clubs that are doing the grousing—about Minnesota. With polished thievery on the base paths to com-

timore Righthander Dave McNally to his first loss since last Sept. 17.

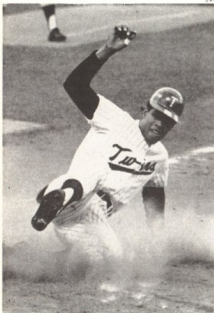
Devastating Attack. With a pitching staff that has been only occasionally impressive the Twins have had to depend on heavy hitting and alert base running to maintain their league lead. Three players are hitting over .300, and the team's average .272 is the highest in the league.

Key man in this devastating attack is Carew. He is a slim (6 ft., 170 lbs.), graceful line-drive hitter who tops all major-league batsmen with a sparkling .356 average. Cat-quick, he has already tied a major-league mark by stealing home seven times this season. Behind him in the batting order comes Killebrew, 33, a chunky (6 ft., 210 lbs.), balding veteran of 15 years in the majors, who is one of the most feared long-ball hitters in the game (total career home runs: 428). The very fact that Carew gets on base so often has helped Killebrew pile up 101 runs batted in to lead both leagues.

Carew, 23, who came to the U.S. in 1962 from the Panama Canal Zone, made a name for himself on New York City sandlots. A Twins scout came out to see him play in a doubleheader one day, and Carew responded by whacking a single, five doubles and a grand-slam homer. He soon had a Twins contract in his pocket, was called up to the parent club in 1967 after only three years of minor-league ball. Hitting over .300 by mid-season, he was the only rookie picked to start on the American League All-Star team. He wound up the season with a solid .292 average and was a clearcut choice for Rookie-of-the-Year honors.

Out of a Cannon. By the end of last season, Carew was swinging for the fences every time at bat. As a result, he finished the year with a disappointing .273 average. This year, for Carew and the team, statistics are improving notably. And much of the credit goes to their cagey, choleric rookie manager, Billy Martin.

A former Twins coach, Martin took charge this spring and demanded the hustling, hurry-up style of baseball that made him famous in his playing days with the New York Yankees. His team has already reeled off more double plays (128) than it did all last season. He urges speedsters like Carew and Outfielder Cesar Tovar to use their legs more often. The result: 16 stolen bases for Carew, 30 for Tovar. One day in May, Carew completely shattered the Detroit defense by stealing second, third and home in the span of seven pitches. Martin insists that stealing home, despite its rarity, is easier than a theft of second base because a smart runner can get a sizable jump on a pitcher, especially if the hurler is going into a full windup. Carew makes that arguable statement sound unassailable. "Each time he stole home," says Martin, "you'd



CAREW STEALING HOME
Lots easier than second.

plement their power at the plate, the Twins are leading the league's Western Division.

In a recent doubleheader at Minnesota's Metropolitan Stadium, the Twins subjected the faltering Detroit Tigers, the defending world champions, to a humiliating demonstration of speed and muscle. Tiger Ace Mickey Lolich, whose won-lost record was 14-2 before the game, lost the opener, 5-2. In the process, he gave up his first home run of the year, a line shot by Minnesota Second Baseman Rod Carew. In the second game, the Twins chased the Tigers' other star, Denny McLain (15-5), off the mound in the fifth inning; two home runs, including Third Baseman Harmon Killebrew's 30th of the season, blasted the way to an 11-5 victory. Last week Pinchhitter Rich Reese cracked a grand-slam homer to lead the Twins to a 5-2 win over the Baltimore Orioles, runaway leaders of the Eastern Division. That blast sent Bal-

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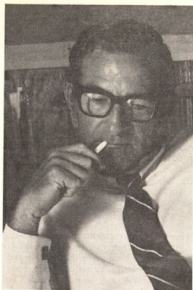
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JA 172

Consult your TIME address label. You'll find the answer at the left immediately above your name. Please note, however, that the digit between the month and the year identifies the week rather than the day of expiration. Example: JA 4 72 refers to the fourth week of January, 1972; JY 3 74 refers to the third week of July, 1974.

*Oh beautiful for
spacious skies*



The deterioration of our environment is an every day topic in this agency. One of our clients, Wellman-Lord, Inc., of Lakeland, Florida, a leader in air and water pollution control systems, has developed an SO₂ recovery process which deals with the problem of fly ash and sulphur dioxide emitted from utility and other fossil fueled furnaces.

This process prevents the emission of Pollutants into the atmosphere, and converts them into a saleable by-product. Development of campaigns to advertise there is a practical approach to pollution control has made all of us at the agency aware; contamination is not a necessary byproduct of progress.

The topic therefore was pre-ordained. Many approaches were considered; black lungs, smarting eyes, suffocating birds, then the obvious; perhaps America will not always be the land our forefathers idolized in song and verse.

We hope that this advertisement, created by Joseph C. Bonsey, our art and creative director, will cause an awareness of this problem.



think he'd been shot out of a cannon."

"We're a lot more alert now than we were a year ago," says Carew. "Martin has given a whole new spirit to the team." Roseboro and Killebrew, the club's elder statesmen, agree. "Martin gets excited and raises a lot of hell," says Roseboro, "but he keeps you on your toes." Says Killebrew: "This is a happy team now. I really think we can win it all this year." If they do, they can attribute their success to the fact that, compared with last year's band of bickering individualists, the 1969 Twins have become downright fraternal.

Squeeze Play

The time: 1972. The event: the World Series. The pitcher fires a curve ball that just clips the inside corner of the plate. "Stee-rike!" the umpire cries. The batter spins around, glares at the umpire and roars with measured fury: "That, madame, was a reprehensible call!"

Sheer fantasy? Not if Mrs. Bernice Gera has anything to say about it. A Queens, N.Y., housewife and a graduate of the Florida Baseball School for umpires, Mrs. Gera, 38, recently won a contract to serve as an umpire in the Class A New York-Pennsylvania League. She was scheduled to call her first game two weeks ago in Auburn, N.Y. Before she could don face mask and protector, though, she received a terse telegram from Phillip Piton, president of the National Association of Professional Baseball Leagues, informing her that her contract "has been disapproved and is invalid." Sighed Mrs. Gera: "I guess I just can't get to first base. It's a strikeout, but I will come up to the plate again. The game is definitely not over yet."

She has some influential fans rooting for her. Her attorney, Bronx Congressman Mario Biaggi, plans to press legal action. Her case has also caught the attention of New York Congressman Samuel Stratton, who said that Piton's abrogation of Mrs. Gera's contract "strikes me as a clear-cut violation of the Civil Rights Act, which prohibits discrimination on the basis of sex." The New York State Human Rights Division will hold a hearing on the dispute next month.

Rough Innings. Mrs. Gera's fascination with baseball goes back three decades. At the age of eight, in her tiny home town of Indiana, Pa., she discovered that she could outthrust the boys on the block. "Since that time baseball has been my main interest," she says. When she was twelve she moved to Queens and later became a secretary. But she devoted long evening hours to teaching neighborhood kids the fundamentals of baseball and was soon putting on hitting exhibitions for charity with such big-league stars as Roger Maris and Sid Gordon.

In Queens, she met her future husband, Photographer Steven Gera. Their

courtship had some rough innings. "While we were dating, he wanted to go dancing or to a movie, the normal things," says the 5-ft. 2-in. brunette. "I wouldn't go out unless we went to Rockaway Park where I could throw and hit baseballs at the concession stands." The couple finally made it to the altar, but marriage did not diminish Bernice's enthusiasm for baseball. "One night in 1967," she says, "I awoke at 2:30 a.m. with an idea. Why not umpire?" Why not? The next day her husband gave in, and Bernice enrolled in the Florida Baseball School. "The school didn't have any facilities for a woman," she says. "They tried to set up some temporary quarters, but they were so awful that I moved into a motel." Though she confesses that "those six weeks felt like 60

PAUL STROWSKI



MRS. GERA ON THE DIAMOND
Not even to first.

years," she graduated with high marks.

She managed to umpire one game at the sub-minors National Baseball Congress in Wichita, Kan. Since then, however, she has been given nothing but the runaround. New York-Penn's President Vincent McNamara rejected her first application because of the lack of adequate facilities for women and the language used by players. When she threatened to take her case to the Human Rights Division, McNamara relented—only to be overruled by Piton.

Bernice considers such tactics just another form of squeeze play. "The tracks have managed to supply female jockeys with the necessary facilities, and I am sure baseball could do the same," she says. "As for the language, well, it's no different from working in a factory. And after all, it's what you are that counts, not your job. When I work a game I am an umpire; the rest of the day I am a lady."



LESLIE UGGAMS



WINDOM AS CARTOONIST



DURANTE WITH LENNONS
At least a choice, at best a chance.

TELEVISION

Year of the Unspecial

THE new TV season will not be new—TV seasons never are—but it will be different. The western, for example, is expiring like a perforated cowpoke, shot down to a mere five by critics of TV violence. Situation comedies—"sitch-coms," in the jargon of the trade—are up to 25, three more than last year. Adventure shows, in which journalists, lawyers or spies match wits and gimmicks, will shrink to 16, v. 18 last year.

But mostly, the '69-'70 season will be the full-blown season of the special—the one-shot show featuring a single entertainer or theme. TV's first spectacular, a 90-minute Betty Hutton songfest on NBC in 1954, was actually out of the ordinary. Nowadays, specials are so predictably unspecial that NBC alone has announced more than 100 for next season. Among the most ambitious is a production of *David Copperfield* starring Laurence Olivier, Michael Redgrave,

Emlyn Williams and Dame Edith Evans. The most regal spectacular from CBS will be *Royal Family*, a peek at Queen Elizabeth and her kin. Jacques Cousteau's undersea documentaries will continue to shine on ABC.

Over the years, regularly scheduled programs have been getting longer. This season there will be 31 half-hour shows, 36 full-hour programs, three 90-minute extravaganzas and seven two-hour blockbusters. Even 30-minute comedies are being bunched in groups of three, for easy pre-emption by 90-minute specials. The long programs are so schedule-disrupting that they cannot help causing a fundamental change in the old 26-week parade of series episodes, since fewer programs will ride out a season uninterrupted.

This year will see a revival of an old programming concept. It is the anthology, a collection of unrelated programs

NEW PRIME-TIME SCHEDULE

	7:30	8:00	8:30	9:00	9:30	10:00	10:30	11:00
MONDAY		Gunslinger	Here's Lucy	Mayberry R.F.D.	Doris Day Show	The Carol Burnett Show		
TUESDAY	My World & Welcome to It	Rowan & Martin's Laugh-In		Monday Night at the Movies				
WEDNESDAY	The Music Scene		The New People		The Survivors		Love, American Style	
THURSDAY	Lancer	The Red Skelton Show			The Gomer Pyle U.S. Marine Show	60 Minutes / CBS News Hour		
FRIDAY	I Dream of Jeannie	Debbie Reynolds	Julia	Tuesday Night at the Movies				
SATURDAY	The Mod Squad		Movie of the Week				Marcus Welby, M.D.	
SUNDAY	The Glen Campbell Goodtime Hour		The Beverly Hillsbillies		Medical Center	Hawaii Five-O		
MONDAY	The Virginian		Kraft Music Hall		Then Came Bronson			
TUESDAY	The Flying Nun	Courtship of Eddie's Father	Room 222	The ABC Wednesday Night Movie				
WEDNESDAY	Family Affair		The Jim Nabors Hour		The CBS Thursday Night Movies			
THURSDAY	Daniel Boone		Ironside		Dragnet	The Dean Martin Show		
FRIDAY	The Ghost & Mrs. Muir	That Girl	Bewitched	This is Tom Jones		It Takes a Thief		
SATURDAY	Get Smart	The Good Guys		Hogan's Heroes	The CBS Friday Night Movies			
SUNDAY	High Chaparral		The Name of the Game			Bracken's World		
MONDAY	Let's Make a Deal	The Brady Bunch	Mr. Deeds Goes to Town	Here Come the Brides		Jimmy Durante Presents The Lennon Sisters Hour		
TUESDAY	The Jackie Gleason Show		My Three Sons		Green Acres	Petticoat Junction	Mannix	
WEDNESDAY	The Andy Williams Show		Adam-12		Saturday Night at the Movies			
THURSDAY	Dating Game	Newlywed Game	The Lawrence Welk Show		Hollywood Palace		Local	
FRIDAY	To Rome With Love	The Ed Sullivan Show		The Leslie Uggams Show		Mission: Impossible		
SATURDAY	Walt Disney		B.B. Conley		Bonanza		The Bold Ones	
SUNDAY	Land of the Giants		The F.B.I.		The ABC Sunday Night Movie			
	7:30	8:00	8:30	9:00	9:30	10:00	10:30	11:00
All times are E.D.T.								
Tlnt Chart by V. Pugh								

All times are E.D.T.

Table Chart by V. Pugh

grouped together under an overall name (remember *Playhouse 90?*). Once, anthologies ruled the air, but over the years the series took over the schedule, leaving only an occasional anthology show.

This year ABC's *Love, American Style* calls itself an anthology of sketches, with no continuing characters and no continuing story line; all they have in common is romance. Several so-called series will also bear the anthology's earmarks. NBC's *The Bold Ones* will have three separate casts doing 60-minute dramas dealing with doctors and lawyers. ABC's *Movie of the Week* will be an anthology of unrelated 90-minute dramas.

Bit of Innovation. When it comes to programming, ABC traditionally has been the most innovative. The network was largely responsible for the flowering of mass-cast detective stories, freaky comedy characters, and programs tailored to appeal primarily to the under-30 set. This fall, ABC is introducing the idea of 45-minute shows aimed at the young. Based on *Billboard* magazine's hot-record charts, radio's *Hit Parade* will be turned into a new pop-music show, *The Music Scene*. Then, before viewers switch their dials, *The New People* will strand a planeload of youngsters on an abandoned Pacific island for another 45 minutes every week.

Aside from such timing gimmickry, the most promising innovation this season will come from NBC: *My World and Welcome to It*, a sitcom about a cartoonist (William Windom) who daydreams. NBC promises that the show will include animated cartoons in James Thurber style.

For its part, CBS just rolls along, hoping to capture ratings with a resident brigade of television stars. Taking the Smotherses' CBS place this fall will be Singer Leslie Uggans in a musical variety series. NBC and ABC also have big names to offer. On NBC, Bill Cosby will play a schoolteacher and Debbie Reynolds a sportswriter's wife. ABC will go with a musical variety series called *Jimmy Durante Presents the Lennon Sisters Hour*; strange as it seems, the sneak-preview of that show received high ratings last spring.

Among the sillier-sounding premières will be NBC's... *Then Came Bronson*, with a peripatetic adventurer in love with his motorcycle; and ABC's *The Brady Bunch*, in which a widower with three sons marries a widow with three daughters. If that sounds like overpopulated plagiarism of *My Three Sons*, Fred MacMurray, the world's champion sitcom widower, is getting married this season now that the boys are grown.

Still, the new schedule offers some hope. No longer must the viewer face a season rolling without highlight or change. Little by little, because the specials now show up nearly every night, the schedule is being broken up and poked full of holes. For the audience this means at least more choice—and a chance for some substantive fare.

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keep their
gin up!**

Brr-rr-r!



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EDUCATION

TEACHERS

Learning the Streets

The "students" were junior-college teachers from big cities across the U.S. The instructors were tough street youths—blacks, Chinese and Mexican Americans—ranging in age from 14 to 25. The course, a one-month summer institute that has just been completed at City College of San Francisco, was unique. It was designed to send teachers back to campus in the fall with a better understanding of the ghetto-bred students in their classes.

At the institute, the teachers spent the morning in traditional classroom ses-

organize the Mission Rebels, a youth group that makes a special point of running its own affairs. "You might do it better," said Towbis, "but that doesn't mean they can do it better that way. We can't do it for them. At best we can ask the right questions." This kind of informed insight was invaluable to the teachers. Said a white professor from Laney College in Oakland: "In seven years of collegiate and university training, this is the first time I ever had any instructor lay it on the line."

Some of the teachers were apprehensive about entering the summer institute: one woman instructor asked Towbis if he could guarantee her safe

tellectually, but we had to feel it before it became meaningful." Bob Brower, who teaches at New York State University's Urban Center in Brooklyn, learned firsthand about ghetto justice by spending an afternoon in court with his youthful tutor. "That damn judge," he said, "was handing down decisions he made before he ever saw the facts. It was like processing hamburger meat, just put it in the grinder." Tom Carey, of North Hennepin State Junior College in Minnesota, says of his one-month exposure to the streets: "I have been turned inside out."

Elated at the impact the institute has had on teachers, Towbis and Peterson are planning a summer session next year for college administrators and mass-media executives. "It all boils down to teaching and communications," Towbis says. "We've got to get the message across to the people who can influence others."

PUBLIC SCHOOLS

The All-Year Year

How about spending the long, hot summer in school? Few American schoolchildren would be expected to stay away voluntarily from the softball lot, the beach, the fishing hole. Yet, in Atlanta, where few schools are air-conditioned, almost one-third of 38,000 eligible high school pupils have volunteered this year to stick to their books through the sweltering heat of July and August.

The students are taking advantage of Atlanta's new four-quarter plan for year-round schooling, the first to be adopted by an American city since the 1930s. The flexible scheme will allow them to choose any quarter they like for their vacation, or to attend all year without interruption. High-schoolers in a hurry can compress five years of studies into 45 months by taking extra quarters. Slow learners can use summer lessons to make up failed courses, take their time mastering subjects difficult for them, without dropping a year behind their class. Scholars interested in improving their prospects for entering college can broaden and deepen their education by taking extra courses.

Help for Dropouts. The system is so flexible that needy students can hold part-time jobs all year, attend school part time and still meet graduation requirements. The curriculum developed for the four-quarter plan offers 710 courses, most of which can be taken out of any established sequence. Students now can choose among 48 English courses of one-quarter length, where before there were only five year-long courses.

For the teachers, the new system means that they can earn higher pay if they choose to work the full year, or work only the required three quarters at their regular salaries. To date, so many have chosen to work all year at extra pay that there has been no need to hire additional staffers. Teacher Jeanine Lewis of Grady High School says



YOUTHS & TEACHERS IN SAN FRANCISCO
Combat comes in the afternoon.

sions on campus, hearing lectures by experts on the legal and medical problems of the poor, employment, community-action programs and school decentralization. This constituted their "basic training," explains Ray Towbis, 37, a tough-talking product of Brooklyn slums who, together with City College's Don Peterson, helped organize the institute, and did much of the lecturing. "In the afternoon, they went into combat. They weren't going out on no field trips to see the natives. The real contents of the course was in the streets."

Safe Conduct. In "combat" every afternoon, each teacher accompanied one of the street youths through a typical day in a slum neighborhood, participating fully in the daily activities as the youngster ran errands, visited his friends, "rapped" on street corners and—if he was one of the few who had found work—did his job.

Some teachers tried to impose their suggestions on ghetto residents they met; others simply listened and learned. One told Towbis that he had attempted to re-

conduct for the month; another teacher updated his will before leaving home in Tennessee and took out a \$37,000 life-insurance policy. Towbis, who is working for a doctorate in education at Berkeley, brushed aside their fears. He insisted on the need for daily immersion in slum areas to "understand the kids' background from working in the ghetto instead of out of sociology books."

The street youths, who were paid \$70 per week, seemed to understand their responsibility too. "Listen, man," one said, "the money ain't the only reason I'm doing this job. I'm doing something to teach 'the man.' He come in here all cocksure about the ghetto. These guys don't know nothing except their two cars and sweet life. I'm showing 'em where it's at. If they don't catch it today, they never going to get it."

The teachers apparently caught it, and headed back to their campuses with a wholly new perspective. Says Mae Ethridge, from Fresno City College: "We knew about the injustice and poverty in-



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General Telephone & Electronics

the new courses "keep me from being stalemated, and they add spice for the students, too." Mrs. Lewis believes the new system will also help dropouts ease back into school during the more casual summer quarter, when teachers can take more time to work with them.

Atlanta has requested but not received state funds for its four-quarter project. As a result, it is paying more than \$1,000,000 beyond its regular \$71 million school budget for the summer quarter. School officials maintain nonetheless that the city's fast-growing industries—and thus the city itself—will benefit financially when vacations are spread more evenly over the entire year. Until this year, most working parents took vacations in the summer, when their children were out of school, resulting in summertime business slowdowns and production losses. Another advantage of the summer quarter lies in providing useful activity for poor children who have no other resort in summer than the streets. Superintendent of Schools John W. Letson points out that the old school-year structure was developed in a rural past. In an urban society, he says, "it does not seem like good planning to turn all the children loose at the same time."

Seven-Ton Solution. Atlanta's plan was painstakingly evolved over a three-year period by teachers, principals and administrators. When the principals' committee met for six weeks last summer to develop the complex new schedules and curriculum guide, it used up more than seven tons of paper. So many factors were involved in scheduling new classes and redistributing teaching and classroom assignments that the Atlanta School System had to develop its own computer program. Says John Martin, a former assistant superintendent who directed the curriculum changeover: "The computer is as essential to our system as it was for the moon shot."

More than 250 other school districts have recently considered year-round classes. Atlanta has had inquiries from 37 states and 89 cities about its plan. New York State's education department last year recommended an eleven-month school calendar, is now drafting implementing legislation.

A compulsory year-round system has actually been tested in schools in other cities, usually as a cost-cutting expedient; it is obviously wasteful to keep costly educational facilities idle for a quarter of each year. Moreover, if a school system operates twelve months instead of nine, it can provide nine months of education per year for one-third again as many students. But pilot studies have demonstrated no appreciable economies and have shown that there is opposition to compulsory attendance during the summer quarter. Atlanta, by encouraging voluntary summer participation to broaden the learning process rather than merely to increase efficiency, may have found a way to do both.

THE PRESS

HOAXES

Penelope's Playmates

Together, like garden snakes, they contorted, moaned, gasped and throbbed . . . Ernie found what Cervantes and Milton had only sought. He thought the fillings in his teeth would melt.

Naked Came the Stranger, by Penelope Ashe

Moaning garden snakes? Melted fillings? Cervantes and Milton! What is this nonsense? And just who is this Penelope Ashe, anyway? Until last week, she was a "demure Long Island housewife" seen stroking her Afghan hound on the book jacket of *Naked Came the Stranger*. Dutifully, à la Jacqueline Susann, she made the rounds of radio and TV interview shows saying things like "a writer's gotta impale his guts on the typewriter." C'mon Penelope, you gotta be putting us on.

She was. It all started more than three years ago, when *Newsday* columnist Mike McGrady was sitting at his desk reading *Valley of the Dolls* and getting madder with each page. "I was appalled by the kind of books making enormous successes," he remembers. Rather than curse the darkness, McGrady lit upon the idea of how to succeed in bestsellerdom without really trying. He turned to his typewriter and, within a week, finished a plot outline and a memorandum that he distributed to nearly a hundred of his friends. "As

one of *Newsday's* truly outstanding literary talents," the now-historic document began, "you are hereby officially invited to become the co-author of a bestselling novel." Each contributor would write one chapter of no fewer than 2,500 words centered around a sexy suburban homewrecker named Gillian Blake. "There will be an unremitting emphasis on sex," the memo ordained. "True excellence in writing will be quickly blue-penciled into oblivion."

Too Good. The two dozen recruit novelists who signed up for the project—including *Newsday* Editor Bill McIlwain—plunged in. Less than three weeks later, with 15 chapters in hand, McGrady issued a stern warning against inconsistencies: "Four chapters have described Gillian's body in terms of alabaster," he noted. "Two have insisted she is heavily tanned. For future reference: she will be lightly tanned during the summer months; the word alabaster will be appropriate beginning midway through the month of November." The real problem, however, was in the quality of the writing. "Everybody has the feeling they can write a best-seller," says McGrady. "But it simply isn't true. Some of the chapters were much too good, and I had to work like hell to make them bad enough to use."

McGrady's rewriting was interrupted by a reporting stint in Viet Nam, so at midpoint he turned the task over to another columnist, Harvey Aronson, who finished the manuscript last September.

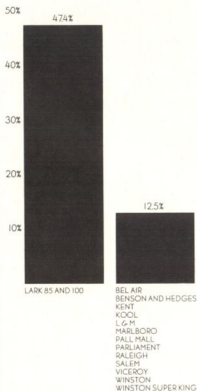


ARONSON, McGRADY & CO-AUTHORS
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Fine, but who is the temptress on the book jacket? She's Billie Young, a Long Island housewife, mother of six, and not incidentally, McGrady's sister-in-law, who managed to sell the manuscript to Publisher Lyle Stuart with a straight face. Stuart learned of the hoax only after he had agreed to publish, and now gamely insists he was even more delighted than before.

Scorching Novel. Out less than a month, the book has already sold more than 20,000 copies (at \$5.95 apiece) and has gone into a third printing, thanks mainly to an outrageous promotion campaign featuring photographs of the heroine's conquests, each posed for by one of the authors. ("Meet Melvin Corby" reads the blurb next to Aronson's picture, "faithful, frustrated, he canceled his men's magazines when *Naked Came the Stranger*." Paperback rights have been sold to Dell for a \$37,500 minimum (escalating to a possible \$127,500 depending on hard-cover sales), and Stuart reports no fewer than 23 producers and directors interested in the film rights.

Though reviews have been generally deserving, one that particularly delighted the perpetrators appeared in *Newsday's* rival Long Island Press. Wrote Columnist Walter Kaner: "Penelope Ashe's scorching novel makes *Portnoy's Complaint* and *Valley of the Dolls* read like *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm*." McGrady still insists that the stunt was an exercise in gullibility, not profiteering. But with any luck, success may yet spoil his two dozen Penelope Asches. In his latest memo, he has urged his fellow novelists "to be thinking about a sequel. One suggested title is *Son of the Naked Stranger*. Personally, I prefer *Naked Came the Stranger Again*."

COLUMNISTS

Washington's Third Pair

If nothing else, Washington's new syndicated partnership in punditry is proving highly marketable. Conceived almost a year ago, the Frank Mankiewicz-Tom Braden column is regularly carried by 70 newspapers, including the Washington Post and New York Post, and has been offered as a summer fill-in to another 180 papers. More accurate and less sensational than Pearson and Anderson, less likely to magnify trivial exclusives but also far less enterprising than Evans and Novak, Mankiewicz and Braden produce a stylish, knowledgeable column that offers sharp opinions and no doubletalk.

Considering the experience of the two writers, the column actually ought to be better. The savvy, wry Mankiewicz, 45, is a former Peace Corps director for Latin America who became Robert Kennedy's press secretary. He is best known to the public for his sure handling of televised press conferences, despite his grief, after the Senator was shot. But he is also admired by reporters for the kind of whimsy that led him to explain away the biting of two la-

dies by Bobby's Newfoundland, Brumus, when a group visited the Kennedy home last year. "I only wish to point out," he said soberly, "that of all the women's legs at Hickory Hill today, less than one-half of one percent were bitten."

The versatile Braden, 51, is a former Dartmouth English instructor, wartime OSS and CIA official, and owner of the Oceanside (Calif.) *Blade-Tribune* (which he purchased in 1954 with the help of a \$100,000 loan from Nelson Rockefeller and sold profitably last year). A Kennedy liberal, Braden headed California's board of education, a post in which he clashed often with Max Rafferty, the reactionary state superintendent. This journalistic odd couple—Braden is tall, wiry and intense, Mankiewicz is short, round-faced and bemused—launched their project in the belief



BRADEN & MANKIEWICZ
Duet without doubletalk

that most columns "are lousy" and fail to express a "sense of outrage." Yet the two have developed a detached style, garnished with historical and literary references, which mutes their anger. They have assailed such targets as the war in Viet Nam, the ABM, and MIRV, nerve gas and wiretaps.

They also have knocked federal officials, including FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover (for issuing statements "almost totally devoid of the truth" about planting concealed microphones only with the approval of attorneys general). Another target: Interior Secretary Walter Hickel, whom they prematurely called "the right man for the wrong job." They questioned the appointment of Herbert Klein as President Nixon's Communications Director, claiming that when he was editor of the San Diego *Union*, that paper managed news to promote Republican candidates.

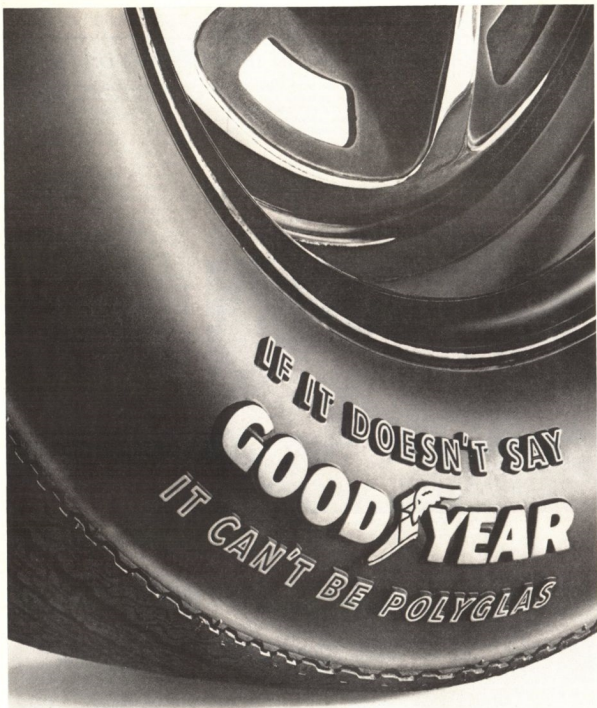
Braden and Mankiewicz seem overly fond of making offbeat comparisons,

some apt and some silly. Criticizing Attorney General John Mitchell's easing of school-integration guidelines, the columnists wrote: "If the Supreme Court had decided 15 years ago that the union shop was illegal, you can bet John Mitchell would—if necessary—have had paratroopers closing up the union halls." They said Nixon's visit to Rumania was "as though Kosygin should decide to visit suddenly dissident Puerto Rico in order to converse privately with Eldridge Cleaver." Most outlandish of all, they compared Senator Edward Kennedy's televised explanation of his fatal accident to the abdication speech of King Edward VIII, who quit out of love for Wallis Simpson.

Behind the Façade. Although the column shows too few signs of strenuous legwork, it is at its best when the writers use their varied contacts to report what really goes on behind Washington's public façade. Their detailed account of the extent of defense contractors' involvement in a widely placed ad supporting the ABM preceded last week's front-page revelation in the New York Times by three weeks. They revealed that a proposal by Interior Secretary Stewart Udall to set aside 7,000,000 acres of land for national monuments was not approved by President Johnson because L.B.J. was miffed that Udall had still succeeded in renaming Washington, D.C.'s stadium "Robert F. Kennedy Memorial Stadium."

The columnists have also shown a commendable ability to avoid a knee-jerk liberal response to every national question. Followers of George Wallace may be similar to those of Adolf Hitler in expressing their "grievances in hate," they wrote, but "they do no greater wrong than do those blacks whom it pleases some of us to call 'militant' instead of 'fascist.'" With unexpected sympathy, they noted that whatever concessions President Nixon makes to Hanoi in the Viet Nam war will annoy all the hawks in 1972, yet not guarantee support of the doves; he is "approaching that lonely position where the courageous act may lead to his downfall. It is a lot to ask." They said flatly that the Kennedy accident on Chappaquiddick Island marked "the end of the Kennedy era."

The Braden-Mankiewicz column could easily use some of the needing levity the two display on a five-day-a-week commentary on Washington's WTOP-TV. Chiding local Young Republicans for assembling to watch a nudist movie, Braden suggested that the next step will involve "Everett Dirksen reading aloud from *Portnoy's Complaint*." Mankiewicz belittled the Potomac Electric Power Company's plea for customers to shut off air conditioners during an unanticipated "power emergency." Observed Mankiewicz: "The emergency is summer, which arrives in Washington and throughout the country every year and is most evident in July and August."



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BUSINESS

THE GENERATION GAP IN THE CORPORATION

THE clamorous demands of youthful activists, which have shaken the universities and unsettled the political parties, are spreading to the world of business. A new generation—confident, iconoclastic and thoroughly professional—has entered the nation's corporations. The young managers are steeped in the computer and case-history techniques of business schools, and they sometimes believe that they know more than their bosses. Older businessmen feel challenged and often bemused by what seems to be a paradoxical mixture of avarice and altruism in the corporate newcom-

erly assume the responsibility that they impatiently demand.

Today's young businessman is a member of the committed generation who insists on meaning and a sense of social responsibility in both his job and his life. Martin Gerstel, 27, a founder of Alza Corp., a California pharmaceutical research firm, argues: "It is not good enough any more just to be a manager, to do a good job making and selling candy bars. You have to feel that the product or service coming out of your organization is really important to society." Other young managers demand

a shortage of men between 30 and 40 years old. Companies are forced to promote younger and younger men to fill the ranks of middle managers. In addition, the tremendous changes in technology have put a premium on up-to-date education, and that also favors young men.

Under the High Wire. Older businessmen—who grew up in the Depression, fought in World War II and went to college on the G.I. Bill—have to run hard to keep up. "Many older men feel that techniques have passed them by," says Dr. Russell Cansler, director of placement at Northwestern's Graduate School of Business Administration. "They see promotions and raises they want going to men ten or 15 years their junior." In an effort to acquire the new computer-oriented management skills that are being so highly rewarded, older executives are enrolling in business school. More than one-third of the students in Northwestern's graduate business school night courses are men over 40.

Many young managers, finding that they can get more and more money and responsibility by changing jobs, do so with startling frequency. Dr. Edgar Schein of the M.I.T. Sloan School of Management estimates that companies lose half of their new college graduates within the first three to five years of employment. Graduates of 15 years ago often regarded a job, like a marriage, as being for life; today's young men are more inclined to equate it with an affair—good until something more fetching comes along. George Robbins, dean of U.C.L.A.'s Graduate School of Business Administration, ascribes the job turnover to an increase in specialization, which tends to put loyalty to a profession above loyalty to a company. Underlying everything is the security of a full-employment economy. The young executive knows that if he fumbles, he can find another job elsewhere.

Neither idealism nor ambition is new, of course, but now almost an entire generation is chanting the same tune. Top managers are listening, deeply aware and bothered that many college graduates shun the business world. At Harvard, for example, only 6% of the 1968 graduating class went into business. Unless the corporation is made a more rewarding place to spend a lifetime, the best minds of the generation may go into other fields, such as teaching or government. Still, the generation gap in business may be a highly constructive force, pushing management to decentralize, to delegate more authority, and to become more sensitive to the needs of the young men—and women—who will guide U.S. business into a new technological age.



ILLINOIS BELL MANAGEMENT TRAINEES IN CHICAGO
Paradoxical mixture of avarice and altruism.

ers. The younger men, who have grown up in an era of affluence and clearly enjoyed the luxuries of suburbia, claim to reject traditional incentives. As Gordon Grand, president of Olin Mathieson Chemical Corp., says: "The days of the stick and carrot are gone."

Opting for Impact. What, then, do the young managers want? Very largely, they want almost instant responsibility, a chance for individual expression or, as one General Electric personnel psychologist put it, "opportunity for impact." They are getting the message through to chief executives that they are not willing to put in the usual stint as a trainee, shuffling paper and learning company routines. "These younger, better-educated people demand a different kind of direction," says Edward J. Hanley, chairman of Allegheny Ludlum Steel Corp. "You have got to give them their head, put them in positions where they can make mistakes." Because many large companies are accustomed to stockpiling skills, the brightest young executives often move into small firms, where they can more read-

ily assume the responsibility that they impatiently demand. They prefer to work for companies involved in projects such as pollution control or urban renewal.

For all their idealism, young men want—and get—record salaries. "The young employee is more rapacious these days," says Robert E. Cody, a vice president of California's Security Pacific National Bank. "The fact that his boss worked 20 years to get where he is does not move him." George T. Henning, 27, assistant to the comptroller of Boston's Eastern Gas and Fuel Associates, agrees. He earns \$17,000 and intends to be making \$45,000 by the time he is 35. George Woodland, vice president of Milwaukee's Rex Chainbelt Corp., complains: "A lot of these kids are looking at money and not relating it to what they contribute."

Not long ago, the demands would have been unrealistic. Now they are most often met because there is a seller's market for skills; the low birth rate during the Depression has created

BLACK CAPITALISM

A Disappointing Start

The catchy and promising phrase "black capitalism" became part of the language when Richard Nixon promised during his election campaign that his Administration would step up loans and other aid for Negroes to start their own businesses. As Nixon put it, the Government should act decisively to help Negroes gain their fair "piece of the action." The rather general idea that Negroes should lift themselves up through business ownership, as many other ethnic groups had done in the U.S., inspired hope and some votes among people of all races. "To the extent that programs of 'black capitalism' are successful," said Nixon, "ghettos will gradually disappear." Today, to many aspiring entrepreneurs in the ghettos, black capitalism sounds like just more smooth honky talk. From all sides, the Administration is under increasing criticism for failing to live up to campaign promises and provide forceful leadership.

There are still few capitalists among the U.S.'s 22 million blacks. They own only 3% of the nation's businesses—and that 3% accounts for less than 1% of U.S. business receipts. In greater Harlem, which has a population of half a million, there are fewer than 25 black-owned businesses that have more than 25 employees. Few of the important stores on 125th Street, the major artery of Harlem, are black-owned. True, more and more Negro entrepreneurs are rising, but too few have received any real help from the Nixon Administration, whose programs for black capitalism are mired in confusion, con-

tradition and delay. The Government has 117 programs for aid to "minority" businesses, but no central clearinghouse to bring together those programs and the people seeking them. "The Government has to lead the private sector," says Adolph Holmes, the National Urban League's economic planner. "One concludes from what is not being done that there is no real commitment in this effort other than verbal."

Budget Cut. At the center of the controversy is the embattled Small Business Administration, which was supposed to have been the primary financier, cheerleader and quarterback of black capitalism. The Government's general budget hold-down has forced the SBA to cut its loans. Funds for the SBA's four main loan programs were reduced from \$554 million last year to \$253 million in the current fiscal year.

The Senate Select Committee on Small Business recently postponed scheduled hearings on the SBA, concluding that the agency has so many problems that a "60-day reprieve" would be necessary for it to "gather itself together." The House Small Business Committee went ahead with its own hearings and heard blacks and whites criticize inaction, lack of imagination and the kind of slipshod procedures that resulted in the use of funds to guarantee a \$135,000 bank loan to Lou Brock, the St. Louis Cardinals star whose salary is \$85,000. "Black capitalism has not failed, because it was never given a chance," said former CORE director Floyd McKissick.

No Respect. The Ripon Society, a group of Republican liberals, blames the Administration's "floundering" largely on SBA Administrator Hilary J. Sandoval Jr., an El Paso businessman appointed by Nixon to replace Democrat Howard Samuels, a far more aggressive leader. The society called for Sandoval's dismissal because "he no longer commands the respect of the black and white communities with whom he has to deal." SBA officials around the nation complain that they get no guidance from Washington. Walt McMurtry, executive director of Detroit's Inner-City Black Industrial Forum, voices a common complaint: "Sandoval just does not have a program. He does not know what he wants to do."

Other observers are more sympathetic to Sandoval, believing that his efforts are withering in the absence of any forceful leadership from the White House.

Commerce Secretary Maurice Stans insists that Nixon is "totally committed" to the concept of black capitalism. In the absence of concrete results, though, such rhetoric is not enough to regenerate the enthusiasm that the idea created during the campaign.

What is needed, say critics, is personal leadership by the President to straighten out the SBA, coordinate the tangle of Government programs and enroll the assistance of bankers and other private businessmen. The busi-



SBA'S SANDOVAL

Only a verbal commitment?

nessmen seem eager, if only given direction from Washington, to provide markets and managerial help. Indeed, so successful is the National Alliance of Businessmen, which was founded during the Johnson Administration to find jobs for the hard-core unemployed, that Nixon might consider starting a National Alliance of Enterprise through which experienced businessmen could coordinate public and private efforts to get black capitalism going.

WALL STREET

Blue Days for Brokers

Prosperity reached almost embarrassing proportions for Wall Street during the bull markets of the past couple of years. As stock prices climbed and trading volume rose to unprecedented heights, brokerage commissions swelled to \$5 billion a year, and six-figure incomes became commonplace among customers' men. Now the securities business is mired in a painful recession. Caught between sharply rising costs and a sluggish volume of trading in the nervous market, brokerage houses have closed scores of branch offices, laid off hundreds of workers and rushed into mergers to fight a flood of red ink.

Money Wanted. Last week the two firms that handle almost all of the odd-lot trading on the New York Stock Exchange agreed to join forces as "a matter of economic necessity." De Coppet & Doremus and Carlisle & Jacquelin said that their decision was forced by increasing costs plus dwindling odd-lot trading, which now amounts to less than 10.7% of the Big Board's volume. Other merger plans have undoubtedly been hastened by the tendency of small investors in a declining market to withdraw from direct trading and turn their business over to mutual funds and other

HARLEM'S 125TH STREET





STOCKS AT CENTRAL CERTIFICATE SERVICE
High price for neglect.

er professional investment management services (see following story). A great deal of Wall Street's retrenching involves firms that rely on retail brokerage for much of their revenue. So far this year, Manhattan-based H. Hentz & Co. has closed five of its 38 branches. Blair & Co. has dismissed 45 employees, and Thomson & McKinnon has furloughed 40 employees and suspended its training program for salesmen. Last week, Francis I duPont & Co., No. 3 among the nation's retail brokerage firms, announced that it had dismissed some 200 workers and will close eight of its 111 branch offices.

Two major firms have run into severe difficulties. Heavy losses in both stocks and bonds last month forced Nuveen Corp. to arrange a major infusion of capital from Paul Revere Life Insurance Co. Nuveen had to resign its memberships in both the New York and American Stock Exchanges, which prohibit member firms from borrowing more than 25% of their capital from the outside. Though Nuveen plans to continue its brokerage activity through the Midwest Exchange, which has more lenient rules, the firm has laid off some 10% of its 450 employees. Meanwhile, McDonnell & Co., beset by financial and operating problems, recently sold one of its three Big Board seats (for \$375,000) and laid off 70 employees, including about half of its research staff. To increase its capital to the level required by the New York Stock Exchange, the firm also borrowed \$600,000 from another brokerage house, Scheinman, Hochstin & Trotta, and arranged for up to \$10 million more from private sources.

Paper Snarl. Brokers' profits have also been reduced by the high cost of battling Wall Street's paperwork foulup, which for nearly two years has snarled delivery of shares from broker to broker and from broker to customer. The number of employees involved in se-

curities processing for Big Board firms rose 36% last year, and average clerical salaries climbed 12%. In a belated rush, brokerage houses are investing more than \$100 million a year in automated equipment.

Even so, at the last count by the New York Stock Exchange in June, about \$2.18 billion worth of stock was involved in failures to deliver within the required five days after each trade. Most of the snags involve over-the-counter shares, delivery of which is hampered by the lack of a clearinghouse outside New York City. Because of such jams, 18 member firms are operating under exchange-imposed restrictions. These variously mean that the firms cannot accept new accounts, cannot advertise, or must limit the number of trades per day. Since last December, the exchange has also required brokers to set aside capital to cover 10% of the market value of stock snagged in failures to deliver that are 40 to 49 days behind schedule and the penalty rises to 30% on "fails" that go 60 days or more uncorrected. Some firms have been forced to borrow to satisfy this requirement, and high interest charges eat further into profits. For Philadelphia's Drexel Harriman Ripley, Inc., for example, interest paid on borrowed money amounted to 13% of gross revenues in the first half of 1969.

Computer Breakdowns. An obvious solution to the back-office snarl would be to computerize the transfer of securities among brokerage firms, thus converting a cumbersome manual task to a mere bookkeeping operation. The Big Board started a Central Certificate Service in February that is intended to operate as just such a clearinghouse. But computer breakdowns and other snags slowed the system until last week, when the C.C.S. resumed full operation.

The brokerage business may face more financial woes before happy days return. Profits seem likely to continue their fall until rising stock prices bring an upturn in trading volumes, and there are fears on the Street that more firms may be forced into consolidations. Wall Street is paying a considerable price for decades of neglecting almost everything but selling. Still, when volume does rebound, the securities industry will be in a stronger position than ever before to cope with it.

INVESTMENT

When a Fellow Needs a Fiduciary

More and more people have stopped trying to figure out today's erratic securities markets and have turned their investments over to professional managers of money. No institution manages more "O.P.M.," or Other People's Money, than Manhattan's 116-year-old United States Trust Co., one of whose few advertising themes is "Planned silence is essential to a trust company's character." Evidently, silence is also golden. A recent study by the House Banking and Currency Committee reveals that U.S. Trust,

which is really a commercial bank, directs the destinies of \$11 billion in personal trust and investment money. O.P.M. last year brought the company nearly \$18 million in fees and commissions. That, plus income from investments and interest on loans, lifted revenues to \$34 million. So far this year, total income is running 28% ahead of 1968 levels.

For many years, U.S. Trust had a staid image because its investments rose less rapidly than those of small mutual funds, whose young managers hopped from fad to fad, making quick gains on chicken franchises or computer-leasing companies. These smaller investment funds, which rose rapidly in the highly speculative markets of 1967 and 1968, have fallen sharply in the recent market slide. This year, U.S. Trust has done much better than most of the newer, smaller investment institutions. It has—as it usually does—outperformed the market averages by about 30%.

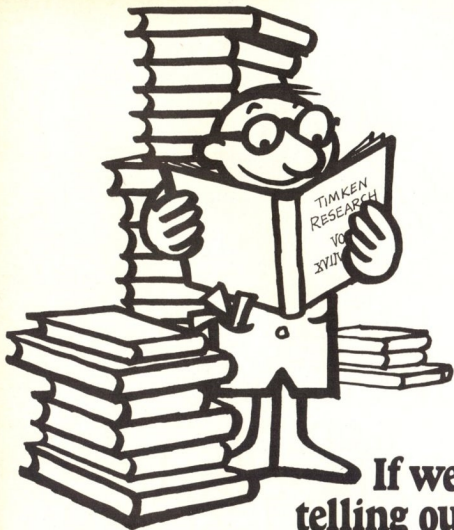
Golfing Decision. U.S. Trust's basic investment policies are set by a three-man leadership: Chairman Hoyt Ammidon, Vice Chairman Berkeley Johnson and President Charles Buek. The decision as to whether or not to invest is based about 20% on a company's product and ability to market it, and 80% on the bankers' personal assessment of the company's president and top management. Vice Chairman Johnson believes that "you can learn quite a bit about the ethics and personality of the man you are dealing with by playing golf or going shooting with him."

The bank's analysts handle more than 11,000 personal and institutional investment accounts, each of which usually must have a minimum of \$200,000. Port-

BURTON BENESKY



U.S. TRUST'S JOHNSON, AMMIDON & BUEK
Making money stick to the bones.



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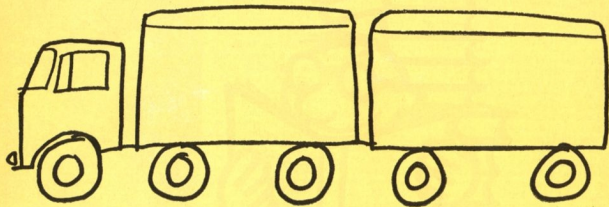
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TIMKEN
REGISTERED TRADEMARK



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Occasionally an idea comes along that is so simple, yet so right, that you wonder, "Why didn't somebody think of that before?" Like another edge on a razor blade. Or an eraser on the end of a pencil.

The trucking industry has had such an idea. We call it a twin trailer. One driver, like any other truck...one tractor to fuel and maintain...but two shorter trailers that offer a 35% bonus in carrying capacity for only 10' extra length. Beautiful.

In nearly 2/3 of the states, twin trailers are already in operation, helping cut the cost of everything from frozen pizza to machine tools.

But in other states, twin trailers simply haven't happened yet. So millions of people still don't benefit from them.

One of the "arguments" we hear most often is that twin trailers are not safe. Yet safety records of the twins are equal, and often superior, to those of other truck combinations. Unfortunately, facts don't always win arguments.

If you live in a state where twin trailers are already a reality—where great ideas are welcomed, or even encouraged—consider yourself fortunate. If you don't, you're missing something good. *American Trucking Associations, 1616 P Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036.*

Better understanding. That's what trucks are driving for.

folio managers service the proverbially helpless rich-man's widow as well as the young business-school graduate who uses his M.B.A. training to turn the modest old family firm into a gold mine. Real estate experts on the bank's 1,200-man staff will advise on matters like buying a villa on the Mediterranean. The bank also lends money for many investments. Altogether, the company charges the usual brokerage commission plus advisory fees, which can run as high as three-quarters of 1% of the total investment.

Look for Loopholes. How does this really work out for investors? Not long ago an East Coast surgeon developed a new operating-room device in his home workshop, and it sold so well that he found himself worth \$14,500,000. He turned to U.S. Trust. The bankers set up an estate for him by making three real estate investments, buying a portfolio of tax-free municipal bonds and long-term growth stocks, and setting up trusts for his two children. Estate advisers even thought of future grandchildren and provided trusts for them in the doctor's will. "By creating charitable trusts," says Vice Chairman Johnson, "it is possible to make money stick to a family's bones decade after decade."

U.S. Trust increased the income of a furniture-company sales manager and his wife, an author of children's books. Despite their combined earnings of \$110,000 a year, the couple found themselves strapped for cash. The bankers raised a tax shelter around cattle, which can be bought with help from a loan, then depreciated over eight years and sold for capital gains. The sales manager put \$40,000 into a herd, of which \$30,000 was borrowed from U.S. Trust. For investors in the 50%-plus tax bracket, the tax savings from this kind of investment can often repay the loan within the first year.

Now that Congress is moving at last to reform the tax code (see THE NATION), many well-used loopholes will be plugged. U.S. Trust will undoubtedly find new gaps in the law and apply them for the enrichment of company and client alike. Meanwhile, there probably will be a strong growth in what Chairman Ammidon calls "the managing of money so that its owners will be free to turn their full attention to their own businesses." Not only will troubled markets and tighter tax laws make it harder for the amateur investor to turn a profit, but many of the new millionaires—or the merely affluent—will find that they do not have the time even to try.

WEST GERMANY

Who Should Pay the Playboy?

The latest chapter in the bizarre saga of the Krupp dynasty, whose fortunes were based on blood and iron, unfolded in Germany's Ruhr last week. It involved a playboy's high-spending habits—and a squabble over a major industrial merger.

When financial woes forced the fam-



ARNDT VON BOHLEN UND HALBACH (RIGHT) & CHUMS OUT YACHTING

ily-owned Krupp empire to become a public corporation, lawyers drew up a unique contract in which the late Alfred Krupp's son and sole heir, Arndt von Bohlen und Halbach, renounced his rights to a \$500 million inheritance. In return, Arndt, for the rest of his life, would receive 24% of the sales from Krupp's Rossenray coal mine, one of the richest in the Common Market. This year that stipend will amount to \$400,000.

Miners Rebel. A problem arose when the government persuaded a group of coalmen to get together this year to form Ruhrkohle, A.G., a state-funded giant that aims eventually to mine 85% of the Ruhr's coal. Everybody wanted the Rossenray in the combine mine—but who would pay for Arndt's allowance? Naturally, the combine would have to do so, insisted Günther Vogelsang, the chairman of the executive board of the Krupp empire, who has brought the company back from the brink of bankruptcy in 1967 to the point where it now expects a profit this year. But others rebelled, notably the powerful German miners' union. The miners figured out that for every ton of coal they dig out of the ground, Arndt collects 40¢.

What enrages the workers is that Arndt, now 31, admittedly devotes his life to a pursuit of pleasure. He spends his money supporting his yachts, estates and Rolls-Royces and buying extravagant gifts for his wife, former Austrian Princess Henriette von Auersperg, who is four years older than he, and for the many men friends whose company he cherishes. "If Ruhrkohle takes over the responsibility of paying for Arndt, the state will be financing his playing," said Horst Niggeheimer, a union official. "Is it right for 1,000 miners to work to support one playboy?"

Maybe not, but protesters seem to agree that they are helpless to break the legally tight contract. And Krupp officials believe that they have a moral obligation to uphold the late Alfred's wishes. The chances are that everybody will accept some face-saving compromise in which the merger will go through and Arndt will somehow continue to receive his fun fund.

TECHNOLOGY

"Burping" the Battery

On some clear day in the distant future, U.S. highways may be filled with silent, exhaustless electric cars. For the time being, however, such an auto remains as elusive as unpolluted air. Those venerable vehicles of the early 1900s, the Baker and Detroit Electrics of pre-World War I days required many hours of battery recharging for every hour on the road. To this day, the "refueling" problem is one of the major obstacles holding up production of a commercially competitive electric car.

Engineers at Los Angeles' McCulloch Corp. believe that they may have found a solution. In an effort to improve McCulloch's portable electric-starting chain saw, they developed a new method of recharging ordinary nickel-cadmium batteries—the same as those used in transistor radios, electric toothbrushes and other household appliances. Ordinarily, it takes as long as twelve to 15 hours to recharge such batteries from wall outlets. With their system, say the McCulloch engineers, the job can be done in ten to 15 minutes.

Because of the electrochemical reactions that occur inside a battery, it tends to give off internal gases and overheat whenever the charging current is drastically increased in order to save time. The result is a ruined battery. But by following a series of strong charging pulses with a brief reversal of current, the McCulloch engineers found that they could dissipate the accumulated gases and successfully recharge the battery. The system, says a McCulloch spokesman, is comparable to the way a mother interrupts her infant's feeding with burping to get rid of gas in the baby's stomach.

The first commercial application of this "burping" principle is in a photographic strobe light being marketed under license by Honeywell Inc. No bigger than a cigarette lighter, the attachment can restore the light unit to full power in 15 minutes. Eventually, McCulloch expects the system to find a wide variety of home, industrial and military uses. And McCulloch engineers see no reason why the technique cannot be applied to electric cars.

SHIPPING

The Other Greeks

To most people, the Golden Greeks are Aristotle Onassis and Stavros Niarchos, the argonauts who have built fortunes of \$500 million each and cut a swath in international society. The two old rivals still struggle to outdo each other in size of fleet and fortune, and are now engaged in a fierce competition to win a Greek government contract to build a huge shipping and industrial complex. Though they get most of the publicity, they are only the two most conspicuous men in a large group of Greek shipping magnates, most of whom are known in nautical circles as the "other Greeks." While the Golden Greeks ardently seek publicity, the other Greeks

ping. Nothing grows on these rough islands, and the only way to make a living is to go to sea. Traditionally, boys begin as sailors and send their wages back to the island to feed the family. If enough sons go to sea, the family may eventually save enough money to buy an old boat and members of the clan man the vessel. If the ship makes money, the family buys another, then another. Most Greek shipowners started out this way and now send their young sons to sea between terms at schools in Europe and the U.S.

Part of the reason for the Greeks' success is that they have been willing to begin by using old, rickety ships. The Greeks were also helped by the U.S. Government, which, aiming to revive Greece's merchant marine after World

early to appreciate the abilities of the Japanese to build ships at low cost. Of the 19 ships that he now has on order, 17 are being built in Japan.

► **Nikolas Papalios**, 56, went into business after World War II with a 210-ton fishing boat, built in 1895, that he converted into a freighter. By 1957, he owned five small ships and was able to buy a U.S. Liberty. He had the idea of paying bonuses to his crew for fast loading and quick turnarounds. "I knew how to get the most out of a ship," he says. By the end of this year, the Papalios fleet will number 39 vessels.

► **Menis Karageorgis**, 36, worked as a ship's master on one of his father's two freighters before he took over in 1959. "I bought my first ship with my father's good name as the only guarantee, but that was enough," he says. With that kind of credit, plus hard work and luck, he has built up a fleet of 600,000 tons. He takes pride in knowing by name all the crewmen on his 20 ships.

► **Minos Colocotronis**, 50, has accumulated 30 ships totaling 1,000,000 tons in just about four years. Instead of placing orders with shipyards and waiting two or three years for delivery, he buys secondhand ships. This protects him against drops in freight rates between ordering and the time of delivery.

Sumptuous Style. Shipping last year brought Greece \$243 million in foreign currency, or slightly more than the nation earned from its second-biggest industry, tourism. Some shippers estimate that earnings would rise to \$500 million yearly if the military government of George Papadopoulos took steps to encourage more owners to register their ships under the Greek flag. The dictatorship has won the shipowners' enthusiastic support by moving in that direction. A recent decree exempts new Greek-flag ships from taxes until they are ten years old. Shipowners even have priority on international telephone calls; they get through from Athens to London in a few minutes, while ordinary Greeks often have to wait for hours.

Personally, most Greek shipping men scorn the sybaritic life, preferring to live in a quietly sumptuous style. They shuttle among offices and residences in several countries, unnoticed except by their captains (whom they instruct to call them at any hour of the night if a problem arises). Lemos, for example, maintains his principal office in London, owns a penthouse in Athens and a home in Rye, N.Y., and has permanent suites at Claridge's in London and the Lausanne Palace. Most of the shipowners return to their home islands for summer vacations. When all the clans gather on Inoussai (pop. 1,500), the net worth of the people jumps to about \$4 billion. The other Greeks are perfectly happy to let "Ari" Onassis and Stavros Niarchos capture the headlines. As far as they are concerned, what really counts is not what the outside world thinks of them but how they are graded by the village priest back home.



CARRAS



COLOCOTRONIS



LEMOs

It only matters what the parish priest thinks.

shun it. Collectively, they have a far greater impact on world business than Onassis or Niarchos, and individually some have become about as wealthy—or even more so.

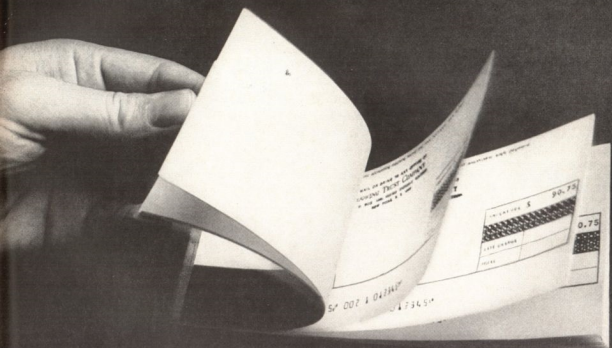
In all, Greek shipowners today possess the world's largest merchant fleet—3,065 ships totaling almost 25 million tons. As a group, they are the biggest spenders in the world's shipyards. More than 200 vessels, including 43 supertankers, are on order or being built for Greek owners. The Greeks set up shop wherever they can do business, in London, Manhattan, Lausanne or Beirut. They fly the most convenient flag—Liberian, Panamanian, Cypriot—but they remain Greek wherever they go. Their enterprise has been a major force in lifting the postwar economies of shipbuilding nations. In British shipyards alone, the Greeks now account for 25% of all orders.

The 40 Families. The other Greeks are members of about 40 old maritime families that intermarry and expand their power in the fashion of Europe's royal dynasties. Almost all of them come from the rocky Greek islands. The neighboring islands of Chios and Inoussai, for example, have produced such shipping families as Lemos, Kulukundis, Pateras, Carras, Papalios—who collectively own more than one-third of Greek ship-

War II, sold them 100 Liberty ships on easy credit terms. Many of the ships were delivered just before the Korean War sent freight rates soaring. Later, in the wake of the 1956 Suez crisis, the Greeks were among the first to order supertankers, which cut costs on the long trip around the Cape. The investment has paid handsomely, and the shipowners have also benefited from the general expansion in world trade.

Among the leading fleet owners: ► **Costas Lemos**, 60, is by far the wealthiest of all Greek shipowners. His net worth: about \$750 million. At the end of World War II, he owned a shipping line, but no ships at all. The war had destroyed 70% of the Greek merchant fleet, including the three Lemos vessels. To replace them, Lemos bought three U.S. Liberty ships at cut-rate prices. Like many other Greeks, he has devised quite a few new methods and designs, including a combination liquid-dry cargo ship that can haul a load of oil on an outbound voyage and return with a cargo of coal. Partly because of his inventiveness, he has accumulated a fleet of 60 ships totaling 4,500,000 tons; another 2,000,000 tons are on order.

► **John C. Carras**, 60, inherited a small line that his grandfather started with a rowboat. Carras has built it into a 1,000,000-ton fleet, partly because he was



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CINEMA

NEW MOVIES

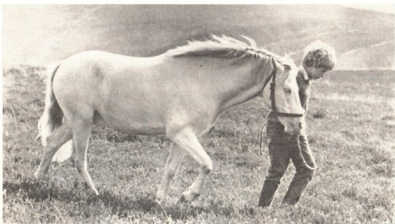
Childhood's End

The trouble with taking the kids to the movies is not just the kids, but the movie. Most matinee films seem to have been made by children rather than for them. *Run Wild, Run Free* solves the problem; it is not only an ideal children's film but also a mature piece of film making in its own right.

The plot is as simple as a storybook. Philip (Mark Lester) is a ten-year-old child who wanders the moors of Devonshire, wondering at the endless varieties of nature around him. His only companion is a retired colonel (John Mills) who teaches him how to identify wildlife and how to train and fly a falcon. But Philip cannot communicate either his enthusiasm or thanks: he is autistic, a puzzle and a burden to his parents for most of his life. It is not until after he encounters a wild white colt early one morning that he begins even to respond to other people.

The horse is a kind of magic prize. Philip calls the colt by his own name and adopts him. Soon afterward, the boy is speaking, haltingly and in private, to the colonel. Philip appears finally to be making a breakthrough to reality, until nature abruptly plays a cruel trick by endangering the horse and imperiling the boy's own delicate psyche.

What sounds like sentimentalized, kindergarten Freud is molded by Director Richard C. Sarafian and a talented cast into an unobtrusive and evocative parable of childhood's end. Sarafian—a former TV director—has an eye for the feeling and texture of inanimate as well as living things. When the colonel searches a birdwatcher's guide for an entry, the book assumes an identity of its own; notes are scribbled in the margin, the pages are dirty and soiled, odd cards and scraps of paper are stuck between pages to mark essential passages.



LESTER IN "RUN WILD, RUN FREE"
Magic prize for everyone.

The characters, down to the most briefly glimpsed villager, are delineated with equal finesse. Perhaps what is finally so attractive about *Run Free* is this quality of care that bespeaks a deep reverence for and understanding of its young audience, and all audiences.

Ersatz Alexandria

Transforming Lawrence Durrell's massively complex *Alexandria Quartet* (*Justine*, *Balthazar*, *Mountolive* and *Clea*) into a single coherent film is an impossible task. Obviously. Four full-length films could hardly unravel the interlocking time structure and convoluted personal relationships in the four separate but interrelated novels. Thus 20th Century-Fox might have been well-advised to follow the traditional Hollywood practice of isolating a single incident from one of the novels and blowing it up into a complete story for the screen. But fearlessly, the studio resolved to distill the essence of the entire *Quartet*—carefully constructed around Freud's idea that "every sexual act is a process in which four persons are involved"—into one big, sloppy movie. Assigned the thankless task of giving order and meaning to Durrell's universe, Screenwriter Lawrence B. Marcus eliminated Clea and shaped the other characters into soap-opera carvings. The result, given the overall title of *Justine*, is not mere condensation but virtually complete evaporation.

Those filmgoers who have read the *Quartet* will be somewhat baffled by much of the plot and motivation in the film; those who have not will be completely and hopelessly confused. The first—and better—part of *Justine* is devoted mostly to atmospherics, establishing the characters and their relationships with one another and the city of Alexandria. Director George Cukor had a good old-fashioned time sweeping his camera over studio-made streets and palaces, working himself up to a murder



AIMEE AS JUSTINE
Less condensation than evaporation.

at a masked ball. After that, he and Screenwriter Marcus apparently decided that it was time to get down to business and in a barrage of exposition hurled the film into complete chaos.

Ready? In the late 1930s, Justine (Anouk Aimée), the sensual wife of an Egyptian banker named Nessim (John Vernon), had been yearning after the aloof British diplomat Purswarden (Dirk Bogarde), although she had to content herself with the favors of Darley (Michael York), a young writer and lover of a belly dancer named Melissa (Anna Karina). Suddenly Justine and Nessim are revealed as Coptic Christians involved in smuggling guns to Palestine so that the Jews can fight the British. Purswarden, who knows of their treachery, keeps silent, apparently out of love for Justine. Melissa meanwhile goes off to a TB clinic, and Nessim's brother (Robert Forster) is assassinated by his own people. And so it goes for another hour until various deaths and suicides bring *Justine* to an abrupt conclusion.

Of the large and noteworthy cast, only Bogarde and Philippe Noiret (as a diplomatic attaché) manage to survive the confusion with any dignity at all. Worse, there is absolutely no trace of Alexandria itself, that city Durrell called "the wine press of love." Fox dispatched a second-string camera crew for a brisk six weeks' worth of location filming, but Cukor shot most of the picture at home in California—on a set that conjured up visions of Sidney Greenstreet-Peter Lorre North African thrillers. The ersatz locale is painfully obvious. "*Justine*," wrote Cyril Connolly, "is the spirit of Alexandria, sensual and skeptical, self-torturing and passionate." Cukor and his collaborators have raided Durrell's exotic garden and left only a pale hothouse flower.

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BOOKS

Mighty Mystery

THE YEAR OF THE WHALE by Victor B. Scheffer. 213 pages. Scribner. \$6.95.

When the Psalmist sang "O Lord, how manifold are thy works!" (104:24), he saved for his climactic example the whale—nature's *pièce de résistance* and everybody's favorite metaphor. But the whale, alas, is referred to more often than studied. A century ago, Herman Melville could say of the sperm whale, "His is an unwritten life." Then he proceeded to write it, of course.

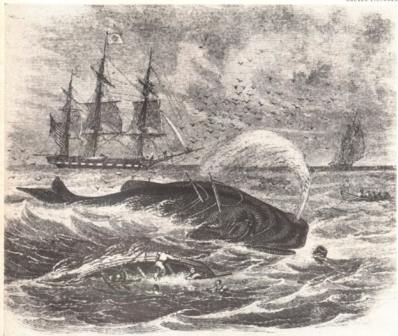
What *Moby Dick* did not reveal, *The Year of the Whale* does—and on terms that can stand the comparison. Victor B. Scheffer is a biologist with the U.S.

as 11 hours at a time, eat up to two tons of whatever seafood is available every 24 hours.

But behind all these gigantic dimensions lies an immeasurable mystery. Why, for instance, does a Moby Dick attack a ship? Perhaps because the bull whale sees it as a "ship-animal," a sexual rival for his cows. Dr. Scheffer speculates. Yet he is not too sure.

He is positive that whales communicate by ultrasonic signals that sound rather like "a kitchen faucet with a leaky gasket." Indeed, hearing is the whale's indispensable sense: his eyesight is on the way to becoming obsolete, and he has no sense of smell. But Dr. Scheffer cannot explain what part of the whale produces that sound, or how.

SILVER PICTURES



PURSUIT OF THE SPERM WHALE
A saga of the awesome statistic.

Fish and Wildlife Service, but his facts tick off the tongue of a poet. The result is a brilliant and affectionate one-mammal bestiary.

Question of Sex. The sperm whale is a saga of the awesome statistic. Dr. Scheffer begins the year in "a quiet month in autumn in the northeastern Pacific," with his calf whale backing into the world tail first—14 feet long, weighing a ton, ready to swim. Nursing for two years on mother's milk, the little leviathan will gain seven pounds a day. Sexual maturity will arrive at the age of nine, but he will not reach full growth until he is 30 to 45. Then he may be as much as 60 feet long and 60 tons in weight. He will be able to cruise at six knots; in a panic he can do 20. When he is hungry, he will dive for as long

as he knows that the whale is capable of "care-giving behavior" to the wounded within the "family" of 30 or so in which whales travel. Still, in the end, he is not certain how social or even how intelligent the whale is.

In Dr. Scheffer's vision, the whale, for all his mammoth visibility, becomes the ultimate enigma in the enigma of the sea: "A hundred chemicals and a million living sparks and a billion bits of drift, no two alike . . . an endless, moving, thin, transparent soup; a cosmic stock forever old and ever new."

Biological Predestination. Men are killing off sperm whales at the rate of 25,000 a year, perhaps one-tenth of the total stock, and Dr. Scheffer is indignant at the profligacy and lack of "humaneness" with which this is done. But

it is the whale's biological predestination that saddens him most. Nature seems to have no future plans for the whale—an animal with beguiling potential yet lacking the indispensable potential to evolve beyond itself.

Zoology's general rule is that no animal dies of old age. But the whale may come as close as any. For the whale has no "natural" enemies, in the sense of larger animals that habitually feed on him. Only when young or when attacked by his own kind does he need to flee. Though scarred by the sucking disks of the octopus, bitten by the squid, carrying the buried bills of swordfish, a few of this year's crop of calf whales may survive to be 75. But most of those that escape the whalers' harpoons will succumb to what Dr. Scheffer suggests are their real enemies: "The small, erosive, unimpressive costs of living . . . broken teeth and bones, poisonous foods, and all the thousand natural shocks that flesh is heir to."

Unrecorded Death. In this respect, at least, a whale's death resembles a human's, and takes on something of the tragedy of the unheroic and unnoticed. In a remarkable passage reconstructing the death of a whale tangled in an underground cable off Ecuador, Dr. Scheffer writes: "His is an unrecorded death, for the cable does not break. The soft words flow around his grave: the messages of life and death, the loving words and stupid words, and pesos up and pesos down. . . . The luminescent beasts and the dark beasts and the beasts in between come to rob his tomb and tear the softening bits from his white frame. And the frame, too, unlocks in time, drops to the ocean floor and enters the geologic book, and the pages are closed."

The subject is a whale; the insight is into man. For Dr. Scheffer's supreme achievement is to take the king of the ocean's beasts, careering half-blindly across the world's seas, and cast him as Lear.

The Prince of Anarchists

MEMOIRS OF A REVOLUTIONIST by Peter Kropotkin. 519 pages. Horizon Press. \$10.

Anarchism, both as a doctrine and a political movement, has been pretty well defunct (except in Spain) for more than two generations. Yet today it is identifiable in the pattern of student unrest from Rome to Berkeley, and its black flag shows up persistently among the campus picket signs.

But all too often, the angry young men of the new anarchy do not know what they are talking about, argues Paul Goodman in the preface to this new edition of the classic autobiography of an original anarchist, Prince Peter Kropotkin. The anarchist movement was indeed revolutionary. But its best thinkers in general, and Kropotkin in particular, were not wreckers but visionaries, more concerned with postulating a new society of individual freedom than in the

momentary task of destroying the established one. Today's students must realize, adds Artist Barnett Newman in the foreword, that "revolution is more than a Nihilist Happening." They must face up to the question Kropotkin constantly posed: After revolution, what?

Full Circle. Peter Kropotkin was a prince of Imperial Russia and, as the Irish say, a prince of men. He could have been a pampered and powerful member of the Establishment he chose to fight against; he cheerfully endured exile and long imprisonment but showed none of the pride, power mania or personal deviousness that disfigure the image of so many revolutionaries. As a child, he had slept during a court ball in the future Czarina's semi-sacred lap, and he died (at 78) safe, as it were, in the bosom of Stalin, only a troika's drive from the Kremlin. His life had come full circle, and so had the movement that began as a fight for freedom against an absolute monarch and ended in the absolutism of the one-party state.

His memoir is an incomparable record of the weird and wonderful Russian nobility, compared with whom the pious, drunken, sheepskin-clad serfs seemed like another race. The Czar's ramshackle empire was made up of three other races—the merchants, who were much like merchants anywhere; the official class, whose devotion to sacred paper could be compared only to a Tibetan monk operating a prayer wheel; and the student and professional intelligentsia, politically zealous to a pitch of almost mystical intensity.

Prince Kropotkin "passed" from one race to another, though not quite successfully. An anarchist among aristocrats, he remained an aristocrat among anarchists; paradoxically, this gave him a special strength in the revolutionary movements he helped to found. He was immune from the Russian intellectual's vice of soul-searching: as a prince, he never questioned his own actions.

Whose Man? At the school for the Corps of Pages in St. Petersburg, Prince Kropotkin began to learn of the Byzantine rituals of the Romanov court—attendance at court balls, parades, mess dinners, the opera, blood horses, mistresses and some fashionable adultery. But at some stage something went sour. Was it when his father came back from a campaign with a medal for gallantry on his chest? It turned out that the deed that won the medal was actually performed by father's batman. The feudal father saw nothing odd about this. It was his man, wasn't it? explained the gallant old prince.

The first of many such ethical puzzles had been set. At 19, Kropotkin rejected a commission in a fashionable regiment for service in Siberia as aide to a provincial governor. As an already dedicated geographer, he set out to determine the course of the Amur River, a project that led him into a total revision of the geographical concept of Central Asia. He was impressed by the

semi-Communist "brotherly organization" of the Dukhobor sect. He proposed a sweeping agricultural reform, which was widely hailed. But then the whole enterprise bogged down in Czarist bureaucracies. "I lost in Siberia whatever faith in state discipline I had cherished before, I was prepared to become an anarchist," he wrote.

Back in St. Petersburg, Kropotkin was soon busy with pamphlets, manifestos, and interminable Russian discussions with a circle of students, workmen and intellectuals. He found the true faith and a false name—Borodin, the first of many. It was not long before he endured his first imprisonment and betrayal. Typically, while his colleagues scuttled out of town to escape the police, Kropotkin was caught because he felt obliged to keep his date with the local geological society to ex-



PETER KROPOTKIN (ca. 1883)
True faith, failed confidence.

pound his theory on the ice cap. A weaver in his "circle" broke his alias to the police. There was no trial. The prince was shut up "at the Czar's pleasure." However, the Czar did allow him books and papers to work ("till sunset only") on his two-volume geography.

His escape (pure M-G-M costume drama with disguises, baffled sentries and galloping cabs) was followed by exile. He was happy enough in England, which dearly loves a lord and has always been kind to other nations' revolutionaries, and where he was asked to review his own books. But when he made a foray into France in pursuit of his revolutionary mission, he was jailed.

In fact, all his revolutionary life he and the police played an elaborate and almost stylized game. Whatever country

he was in, some police, secret or otherwise, were keeping a wary eye on him. They were sure he was up to no good, but their problem was to catch him at it. For his part, the prince treated the police alternately with indifference and insouciance. Fortunately for the prince, they were mostly inoffensive, often irritating, but sometimes diverting. There was one glorious day when he conned one of the Czar's gumshoes into carrying his luggage. The rules of the game were more urbane in those days.

Released by the French in 1886 after three years' imprisonment, he returned to London and wrote his *Memoirs*, first on the invitation of the *Atlantic Monthly*. The present book is a facsimile edition of that text, as expanded and published a year later by Houghton Mifflin in Kropotkin's own flawless English (no class was more cosmopolitan than Russia's decadent nobility, who spoke French and English among themselves and considered Russian useful chiefly in the nursery and for addressing servants and soldiers).

Basically, anarchism presents in the most extreme form the notion that man is essentially good, noble and altruistic but is perverted from his true nature by bad authoritarian institutions. In spite of all evidence to the contrary—not just the obvious beastliness of the bourgeoisie, officials and police but the perfidy, cowardice, treachery that would turn up even among the comrades—Kropotkin continued to believe in the goodness of man. If everyone were like him, anarchism might have a chance. But few men like Peter Kropotkin grow on the family tree of man—a fact that Kropotkin himself never realized.

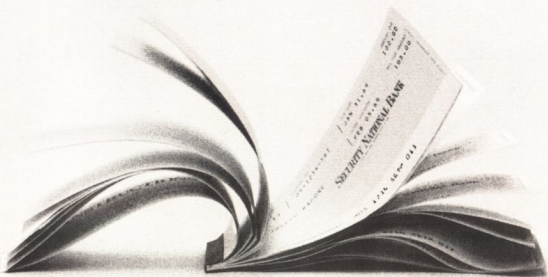
Detection Pushed Too Far

THE GOODBYE LOOK by Ross Macdonald. 243 pages. Knopf. \$4.95.

Critics are feared for the damage they can do to reputations, but they are probably at least as dangerous when they turn kingmaker. After the deaths of William Faulkner and Ernest Hemingway, several of them rushed around trying to fit on someone a dubious glass slipper marked "Greatest Living American Novelist." As a result, some would-be Cinderellas look pinched before their time.

The same sort of thing is happening to Ross Macdonald, a mystery-story writer of the hard-boiled Southern California school. The *Goodbye Look* is his 20th book, and it is on bestseller lists—a place where hard-cover mysteries are not often found. In the past few years, critical opinion has been massing behind Macdonald to push him past Dashiell Hammett and especially Raymond Chandler, whose style and settings have clearly influenced him. William Goldman calls Macdonald's mysteries "the finest ever written by an American." Other critics number him among the important novelists of our time, full of profound insights on the

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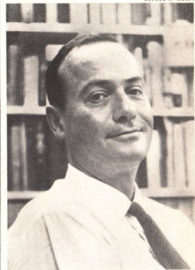


great themes of time and love and death.

The sad thing is that Macdonald seems to have been listening. *The Goodbye Look* is overlong for its specious plot, weighted down with pompous prose about lost opportunities, missed communications, failed lives. As in several Macdonald mysteries, the story itself concerns a troubled youth—in this case, a rich college student who may have committed three murders, but because of head wounds and shock, cannot remember whether he did or not.

Detective Lew Archer has never been more moralistic or more maudlin. He may have his difficulties extracting the evidence, but he grows increasingly adept at producing facial contortions in his interlocutors. Under his gaze, faces "darken" or "work with thought"; eyes grow "misty with the quasi-maternal

ALFRED S. KNOPP



MACDONALD

Cinderellas pinched before their time.

feelings of a procuress" or become "abstract, like a hawk's."

Archer's professional progress is also impeded by his, and his creator's, strivings to bring home to each and every hapless character the wrong turnings in his past. One longs for Chandler's jaunty, corpse-chasing Philip Marlowe: "Murder-a-Day Marlowe, they call him. They have the meat wagon following him around to follow up the business he finds."

Chandler was also guilty of occasional pontification, but his saving grace was a matter-of-fact, incongruous humor. In Macdonald, the laboring faces and the aura of overhanging doom are intended as symbolic of general existential despair and specific revulsion against California materialism. The trouble is that the symbols are strewn on the page like shorthand glyphs rather than metaphors. As Macdonald used to know, and now seems to forget, the order of imperatives in mystery writing is plot first, red herrings second, and philosophizing last, if at all.



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